JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 64. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1907. ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number see Page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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NAME and FAME

WORLD-WIDE.

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KNOW THE ARTISTES AS THEY ARE . . .

By reading

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Vol. III. No. 64. Saturday, August 24th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

In addition to the £5, Messrs. Curzon Bros., the well known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every holder one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge; or, in the case of a lady reader, a macintosh cloak or rain-proof coat of similar value.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

After we had gone to press last week, we received another claim in respect of our issue of July 6th, viz., from Mr. R. BRIDEN, 51, Chalton Street, Euston Road, N.W., the holder of No. 288654, and £5 has been forwarded to him, as well as to the other readers whose names were published in our last issue.

Up to the time of going to press the following claims have been received in respect of our issue of July 13th:

GEO. PEACOCK, 142, Fortess Road, Kentish Town, N.W. (No. 383335.)

W. S. DENT, 5, Burgoyne Road, Roman Road, Old Ford, E. (No. 395352.)

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF JULY 20TH:—

55,445	43,419
74,691	11,987
96,436	30,719
42,551	24,963
66,965	1,152

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF JULY 27TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 28TH (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 26TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

An instructive example of the paralysis of the official mind was afforded the other day by an answer given to a question in the House of Commons by Mr. Runciman, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury. Asked whether he concurred in the view of the Lord Chancellor that a brewery director was the best qualified person for the position of Public Trustee, Mr. Runciman replied, "I do not know the opinion of the Lord Chancellor; but whatever it is, I concur in it." Mr. Runciman should soon get further promotion. His is just the cast of mind which appeals to the Treasury Bench.

It seems to us an extraordinary kind of Police Order which forbids a licensed victualler, when a person is arrested for being drunk on his premises, the right to have such person examined by an independent medical man. We are glad, however, to have the assurance of the Home Secretary that the whole of the regulations, of which this is one, are now receiving his serious consideration. We have the strongest possible objection to anything and everything in the nature of police-traps (just as policemen themselves have), and any obstacle in the way of their defeat is to be discountenanced.

We have solved the mystery of the Consolation Prize recently awarded by *London Opinion* to our namesake in Liverpool. It appears that the whole thing was a joke—the competitor, to use his own phrase, thinking that "a striking name would arrest the attention of the judge and cause the line to be better thought of." We are satisfied that no dishonesty was intended on the part of the young man in question, who, by the way, has forwarded us his cheque, which we have duly cashed. We have not, however, up to the present, decided upon the best method of investing the sovereign. Perhaps the editor of *London Opinion* will send us along his latest "option" and "marginal investment" prices. If, by utilising this sovereign, he could make us a few hundred pounds—what a splendid advertisement it would be for his London and Paris Exchange! Failing this, we will send the sovereign on to the Fresh Air Fund. We do not think in the circumstances that the perpetrator of the little joke should have the money.

The following narrative, vouched for by a correspondent, tells an eloquent tale:—

> John Jones, a monoglot Welsh quarryman living in a Carnarvonshire village adjoining one of the big slate quarries, had, in the good times, by dint of hard work, strict economy, and an abstemious life, amassed a little fortune of £500. This represented his life's savings. He lived in a cottage on the hill side, had reclaimed a few acres of barren mountain land, kept a cow or two, some poultry, and a pony.
>
> J.J.'s savings had been deposited in the P.O. Savings Bank, and when the amount of his deposits had exceeded the limit allowed by the Department, the village postmaster promptly told him no more money could be accepted, and that he would have to buy Government Securities (Consols) with his capital, when the usual deposits could be resumed. This was done at considerably above *par*.
>
> Now, it transpires that the landlord is selling his estate, and the homestead is to go under the hammer, J.J. is anxious to buy, he moves for the withdrawal of his capital, placed with the British Government for safety, but is astonished to find his £500 dwindled into £400.
>
> This man knew absolutely nothing of fluctuations, and will not be convinced that he was indulging in wicked, dangerous speculation, so universally condemned, when placing his hard earnings in the safe keeping of the Government. He would be very glad to know who of the Cabinet he should apply to in order to get his grievance righted.
>
> I am afraid this is a specimen of the hard luck of thousands of British workmen.

Of course, the loss being incurred through a Government department makes it simply a misfortune. If, on the other hand, the investment had been in an ordinary public company, it would doubtless have been described as a "fraud." There is much to be said for the proposal that the Government should have a standing order in the market to keep Consols at par. As regards our correspondent's inquiry as to which member of the Cabinet should be applied to for compensation, we rather think that those responsible for the late South African war are the proper people to be approached. We are glad to have the assurance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that it is a serious infringement of the rules for any postmaster to advise the purchase of stock. At the same time, we think that a special notice should be placed in a prominent position in the depositors' books, intimating in plain and simple language that the exchange of savings into stock involves the risk of loss of capital.

The silly season has been heralded by a newspaper correspondence on the thrilling topic of hustling in the tube railways. Some people write that passengers are very inconsiderate if they do not rise from their seats the moment a car stops. But it would be very unwise to do so, for several seconds after it stops it gives a violent lurch, which sends the unwary flying in all directions. At the same time, many passengers are unduly slow and needlessly impede the progress of others who are less infirm. It should be remembered that we live in an age of hustle, and that the modern man has no patience with loungers. There are, however, worse offenders in the streets than in tube stations.

According to the *Daily Express*, which dignifies her with a wealth of head-lines, Miss Symons, who is celebrated for her long cycle rides across country, lives by rule. She has sent out a circular to all hotel-keepers between Land's End and John o' Groats to tell them what to prepare for her advent. She wants foot-baths half-full of hay, and slices of onions fried in butter. Dripping or lard, she says in her circular, would make her sick, which would no doubt be very sad for all concerned. Finally she informs a wondering world that "Meat, fish, fowl, wines, beers, spirits, tea, coffee, cocoa, peas, beans, lentils, sugar, or salt are foods and stimulants not used by Miss Rosa Symons, who has been a food reformer over twelve years." Here the *Express* laconically interjects: "Miss Symons is suffering at present from severe indigestion." We are not surprised.

Tommy Bowles, though no longer able to delight the House of Commons with his quips in person, frequently vents his superfluous energy by quizzing the Speaker in the public press. He now takes him to task as to the power of the House to "disobey an Act of Parliament." This suggests to us a new way with the House of Lords. A High Court should be established with powers to limit and revise the action of both Houses. We believe something of the kind exists in America, and, though we are not usually advocates of imitating anything transatlantic, the idea is not a bad one. If the Constitution were defined in a reasonable spirit, the new High Court could prevent the Lords from resisting the will of the people, and at the same time it could act as a salutary check upon the Commons if they wanted to pass hurried or foolish legislation. No doubt the powers of the Court would take a bit of defining. Perhaps Mr. Churchill will formulate a scheme.

A friend writes from Belgrade that Peter Karageorgevitch is on very bad terms with his son George, and allows him only £12 a month. George has had a great quarrel with his boon companions, Neshitch and Saraga, with whom he came to fisticuffs. Peter is negotiating for the purchase of a great estate near

Neusatz, in Hungary, and is prepared to pay £100,000 for it, which shows that he has been feathering his nest since he came to the throne. Many Servians are beginning to sigh for the economical days of King Alexander. The idea is that Peter is preparing for the prospect of an early deposition. There is grave discontent in the army, and the regicides are falling out among themselves.

The *Daily Mirror* has been publishing a huge picture of a young lady, named Miss Esme Wallace, and describing her as "the daughter of Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff Gordon." If that had been correct, we suppose her name would not have been Wallace but Gordon. As a matter of fact, she is Lady Gordon's daughter by a former husband. Lady Gordon runs a hat shop in London, under the name of Lucile. Why it should be proclaimed in roaring capitals that Miss Wallace's engagement is a "romance of amateur theatricals," just because she happened to meet her young man at a charity play, the Lord (Northcliffe) only knows!

A reader writes:—

> "With reference to your paragraph concerning the Charlton baronet's ridiculous circular as to the way in which he conceived his Majesty should be addressed, it may interest your readers to know that recently a letter was addressed to him in which one of his initials was misplaced. The envelope was returned corrected in red ink by Sir Maryon-Wilson. Strange as it may appear, for all this terrible mistake, the sun rose as usual the following morning."

We have, however, received a quaint letter from Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson himself. He protests that he is proud of his old title, and prefers it to the new peerage, which he might have had. We have no objection to such pride of ancestry, so long as it does not lead to discourteous and inconsiderate behaviour, such as was revealed by Sir Spencer's reference to "clerks in small offices." As he appeals to us to "hear both sides in common fairness," we give his apology:—

> "Re the 'Dear Sir' part, I admit that I have not framed my complaint as carefully as I ought, but you surely wd. not expect a Baronet to be addressed (as long as the order remains in xistence!) in the same way as his gamekeeper (as is constantly done) any more than *you* wd. xpect to sit down to dinner with a boy out of the gutter—it is contrary to common sense—and if a Peer is addressed as 'My Lord,' why shd. not a Baronet be addressed as 'Sir Baronet'? seeing that *both* these words belong to *his* title—unlike the 'my Lord.'"

We do not follow the appeal to common sense. Personally we are always pleased to address a man in any form which will give him pleasure, provided always that he makes his wishes known in a civil way. Otherwise, we adhere to the common usage, which does not endorse Sir Spencer's claim to be addressed as Sir Baronet. Even his analogy of "my lord" is defective, and we are disposed to consider "my" more familiar than "dear," which does not (as Sir Spencer and others erroneously imagine) imply a profession of affection when used with the word "Sir." Indeed, it means (and has always meant) "esteemed" in this connection, and Sir Spencer may rest assured that no one will endeavour to force their esteem or affection upon him against his will. The rest of his communication is quite irrelevant, and no good purpose would be served by discussing it. So we content ourselves with inviting him to cultivate a little more of the milk of human kindness.

Somehow there is no balm for the Tariff Reformers in Gilead. They would have figures, and here we have the figures of the "trade of the United Kingdom" for July showing how the tide of "national prosperity" still sweeps irresistibly forward. Of course these so-called returns are most misleading, but still for what they are worth they knock Mr. Chamberlain's case into a cocked hat. Everything is going in just the opposite direction to that which he predicted. We hope the right hon. gentleman's friends will keep the papers out of the way.

We recently received the following letter from the chief steward of a Hamburg steamship:—

> I see by the daily papers that some 300 blacklegs are sueing the Hamburg-American Line for damages for injuries received while "working?" (O.L.) during the strike in Hamburg.
>
> I, as one who has had dealings with the same "crowd" during the whole period—about two years—should like the B.P. to see them congregated together, and if they would not feel proud of their country, "what ho!"
>
> Out of the thousands that have come to Hamburg during that time there was not 20 per cent. that had *ever* done any work, or *ever* intended to, for they were undoubtedly the filthiest, laziest, cutthroatly lot of scabs that could be scraped together on earth; and they were our example to the Germans. "British workmen" (O.L.). They christened them well here (Ausworf die "Menshiel").
>
> They *ought to sue* the German workman for not wiping them off the map altogether. Of course, we don't expect much from blacklegs, neither do the Germans, but there are thousands here that never dreamt that such vermin in human form existed on earth.
>
> There are a good many Britishers in Hamburg that read John Bull, and would esteem it a great favour if you would dispel this erroneous idea they have here now, that they were a fair example of "British workman," and then, perhaps, we shall be able to hold our heads up again. I could give innumerable instances of their doings, should it be required. I only wish "James" had seen some of them.

We submitted the letter to Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., the Secretary of the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, who tells us that "what the writer states is perfectly true. We are being disgraced among the working men on the Continent. I go a good deal to Rotterdam and other places, and I can assure you that the Continental workers look upon a Britisher now with great contempt." Not very pleasant reading, is it?

We have felt it our duty from time to time to say some hard things about the administrative methods of the Salvation and Church Armies. We shall shortly have something to say about certain other religious organisations to which the public subscribe large sums of money. Amongst them will be that ill-conceived and misguided group of enterprises having for their object the "conversion" of the Jews. In the meantime, we note that every Jew converted to Christianity costs about £30,000. Candidly, we don't think it worth the money. We will undertake to get thirty thousand converts for the sum—provided the money is handed to them upon their "conversion."

Here are two views of the same aspect of the Belfast riots, i.e., the position of the Irish members:—

The Evening News.	*The Star.*
Have we seen a single member of the Irish Parliamentary party arrive on the scene to appeal to his countrymen to stop the rioting and bloodshed? No, not one!	The real explanation of the situation is to be found in the lack of men of great local interest in Belfast. Its public men have played to the Orange gallery, etc., etc.

Poor Mr. Birrell! He is dead out of luck.

Funny things happen on land as well as sea. For instance, Mr. Ellis, the chairman of the Warrington Iron Company, is one of the most prominent tariff reformers in Lancashire, and he wants tariff reform in order to protect the national industries, which are alleged to be swift passing into ruin and decay. But such is the irony of things at Warrington that Mr. Ellis's company has just declared a dividend of fifty per cent., with a £1 bonus on the £1 shares, the whole shell-out being equal to 150 per cent. profit. Perhaps Mr. Ellis will now be good enough to explain to a special meeting of the shareholders the bearing of this

sad catastrophe on that foreign dumping of iron and steel in England of which we hear so much. At 150 per cent. profit it seems to us that he can safely invite the foreigner, bloated with the wealth made at the expense of the British working man, to go on dumping for ever and ever. It may be, however, that he takes the special and peculiar view that but for the curse of Free Trade the profits would have been 300 per cent. It is a scandalous shame that a poor shareholder should be robbed of his profits, no doubt, but, merely by the way, may we ask how much of the 150 per cent. Mr. Ellis has handed over to the working man (whose interests he has so much at heart) employed by his company.

Is there any limit to the idiosyncrasies of the War Office authorities? The latest fad is an order by the Army Council stating that rifle clubs on licensed premises will not be recognised or officially inspected! And this after all the talk about encouraging everyone to establish such clubs and to become proficient marksmen! Surely this is very much against the public interest in more ways than one. For example, the champion metropolitan club has its range on licensed premises, but we are also aware that temperance drinks are as readily served on any licensed premises as alcoholic beverages, and that there is no necessity, as a matter of fact, to imbibe at all. This molly-coddling policy will defeat the very object the War Office have been so anxious to promote, and possibly break up a crack club, consisting of professional men, tradesmen, and workmen, who will feel insulted by the petty restrictions of a grandmotherly department. Not a few of the clubs, owing to the initial difficulty of getting a bit of land even on which to erect a suitable building, are similarly situated to the one we have referred to.

Just imagine what the logical sequence would be! There is a canteen in military barracks, and is Tommy Atkins to be exposed to an alleged temptation which the Army Council would attempt to abolish in the case of free and independent citizens of this great country of ours in this year of grace, liberty, and enlightenment, 1907? Why not close all the canteens? And then what a jolly row there would be! Really, it is a serious matter, and this official intimation has caused a great deal of indignation among a class of most self-respecting men who have devoted time and money in making miniature rifle shooting a useful pastime. Press ridicule would have killed an order of this kind at once, but our Editors are too busy at present—with Limericks.

The Esperantist movement is spreading, thirty thousand people, representing every nationality, having now mastered Dr. Zamenhof's famous linguistic invention. The movement has got beyond the stage when one could safely laugh at it, so much so that at the conference just closed at Cambridge the Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by various heads of colleges, dons, tutors, and others of learned genus, turned out to give Dr. Zamenhof and his big crowd of international followers a good welcome. We do not know whether there is at present a chair of Esperanto at Cambridge University, but if not, Mr. Carnegie, or some other big metallurgist, might fling his money about to much less useful purpose than that of founding one.

The advantage of Esperanto is, that it is a constructional polygot of all the other systems, Dr. Zamenhof having taken a bit from one and a bit from the other and made a logical, practical grammar of the resultant; so that at Cambridge we have a crowd of people conducting their deliberations by speech and writing in Esperanto, and in moments of exultation even singing in Esperanto. To add to the marvel of things, we hear of men from Japan, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Spain, knowing nothing of each other's native tongue, conversing fluently together as if the Tower of Babel had never been. These are splendid achievements, and it only remains for Esperanto to be placed on the curriculum of the schools of British and foreign countries to make it a real international tongue. It is as easy to learn the language as it is to shell peas. You memorise about 2,000 words, spend an hour with the grammar, and then you are ready to write and talk even to Dr. Zamenhof himself. Wherefore may it be long ere his shadow grows less.

The Shock.

An intelligent Yankee landed at Southampton and straightway went a-burgling. But he was caught and brought before the Judge of the Clerkenwell Sessions. And when he was found "Guilty" he handed up a document showing that he was a Sunday school superintendent across the herring-pond.

So the Judge wept and said, "Go, my friend, and sin no more."

Then the virtuous burglar went out and tried to remove vicious characters from London with a revolver. This was gratitude.

But brutal police dragged him before another Judge. "It'll be forty shillings and costs" this time, thought the burglar.

Then the Judge just gave him penal servitude for life, and the burglar exclaimed, "You —— darling, I'll never shoot another wrong 'un for you in my life."

And he won't.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 346.

For publishing an interview with a "Musical Fireman," who "sets music to the poems of Burns,"

THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 347.

For stating, in its report of a recent trial, "The case created such interest that the villagers of Lech and Cowan Bridge drove to the Court each day in three wagonettes, the majority of them being witnesses,"

THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 348.

For completing its Stock Market Report with the phrase: "Won by three parts of a length—half a length between second and third,"

THE *NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 349.

For asking the British Government to guarantee a loan of five millions for the Transvaal, and at the same time offering the King a present of a diamond worth £150,000,

GENERAL BOTHA
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 350.

For attributing the alleged insanity of Vere Goold to his "enforced abstinence from alcohol,"

THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 351.

For informing its readers that it knows a man who found his honeymoon in a caravan "so delightful that he has repeated it every year since,"

TIT-BITS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 352.

For stating that the horse Alistair "is a son of Ladas and a daughter of Bonavista,"

THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE *MORNING LEADER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?

BY RUPERT V. AYMSDEL.

II.—TITLES THAT CAUSE TROUBLE.

The proposition that titles should be taxed has, I sadly befear me, been hailed, on the part of one portion of the population, with what I may call a sort of sneaking satisfaction. I refer to those—servants, tradesmen, and others—to whom titles are a perpetual source of worry. The classes to whom I allude would welcome with delight a Title Taxation Bill on this ground alone! And before proceeding further with the subject of title-taxing, it would be well for us to see what the trouble is like that those of our fellow-subjects and others are called on to endure.

First of all, putting aside the difficulty of correctly spelling and pronouncing the names of many titled folk, there is the bother of remembering how a given member of a titled family should be addressed. For instance, I refer to facts like these: Assume that a duke's daughter has married a duke's son. In that case you must recollect never, in addressing her, to use her surname. Her maiden name she drops, becoming Lady John, or Charles, as the case may be.

Again, take, as another example, a duke's daughter who has married a commoner, or an Honourable Mr. This lady would *retain* her maiden name, being addressed in writing as—say—"Lady Mary."

The number of things of this kind that our now doubtless secretly "chortling" friends are distracted by is almost legion. Who shall marvel, when one remembers brain-racking things of the sort, that foreigners so frequently come to grief over the names and titles of Britishers? A couple of typical instances occurred in September, 1904, when a Paris journal alluded to the gentleman who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland as "Lord" Wyndham; while another referred to Mr. Henniker Heaton as "Lord Heaton."

Compared, however, with the "howlers" committed by *Gil Blas* in 1897, these specimens are mildness itself. The journal to which I allude started out to give a list of members of the House of Commons appointed on the South African Committee of Inquiry. The result was this: "Sir Milord William Hardicourte, Sir H. Campell Bamnermard, Sir Michael Chicks Black, Sir Richard Webster, Lydney Bluxtone, H. Lebouchère Bigham, Sir Hart Dyki, and M. Chambertain"!

It will be seen that only one member of the Committee was named correctly. As for the ex-senior member for Northampton and Mr. (Justice) Bigham, they were—as was well said at the time—"made into a composite personality."

After these "shocking examples," that Colonel Stuart Wortley should, in 1902, have been, in the Paris press, generally referred to as "Sir Workley" when he attended the French Army manœuvres as the British Military Attaché, should surprise no one.

Our British names and titles, however, are often stumbling blocks even to "foreigners" who speak our own tongue. Take the case of the fair American who became Lady Randolph Churchill, and afterwards Mrs. George Cornwallis West. Her country men and women were for so long accustomed to her as a titled woman that when, on her second marriage, she lost her title (that of "lady") they could not understand it. Bring themselves to speak and write of her as what she is—just Mrs. George Cornwallis West—they, for a long time, apparently could not. They continued to feel she required some attachment to her name in the way of a title; and so she found herself frequently alluded to as "Lady West—better known as Lady Churchill," "Lady Cornwallis West," "Lady Randolph Churchill West," and so on!

After this, we can excuse the blunders of our French friends. And—by the way—after the slip made by the late Lord Salisbury on January 16th, 1902, we can excuse the mistakes of our American cousins. On the date I have named, his lordship, not for the first time, gave evidence of his apparent inability, up to that time, to master the appellation of the Liberal Leader in the House of Commons, to whom he alluded as "Sir Campbell-Bannerman"!

When Queen Marguerite of Italy, after the murder of her husband, sought distraction in foreign travel, she did so under the incognito of "Countess Stupinizzi." Aided by that nomenclatural and titular disguise, surely she was safe from detection! And the "disguises" (so to speak) often assumed by British commoners when they are given a title are as difficult of penetration. These "disguises" cause as much trouble to those whose duty it is to remember them (Pressmen and others) as the difficulties I have above alluded to cause to servants, tradesmen, etc.

In Baron Eversley, for instance, who would recognise the former Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre? Under the cloak of the title of Lord Aldenham, who would dream lurks the personality of the senior partner in the banking-firm of Antony Gibbs and Son, and the Governor of the Bank of England? Behind the mask of Baron Glantawe, who would discern the features of him who was once Sir J. J. Jenkins? Beneath the personality of Baron Allendale, who would guess reposes the aforetime Mr. Wentworth B. Beamont? And so on; and so on.

Except where the surname of the new peer already forms the title of somebody, why cannot he use his name as his title, Mr. Gowup becoming Lord Gowup?

There is another reason for men newly honoured following the plan of the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie (who became Lord Pirrie) and of the Right Hon. Leonard H. Courtney (who became Lord Courtney). This argument lies in the fact that titles often cause trouble in other directions than those I have thus far named.

An instance of what I allude to occurred over the selection of Lord Knaresborough's title. There was quite a storm in a teacup, the people of Knaresborough not wanting to be brought into the peerage. Another instance of the trouble to which I refer arose when Sir Herbert Stern selected, as his title, Lord Michelham. His new name was borrowed from a part of Sussex where he was considered to be encroaching somewhat on the preserves of certain larger landowners in the neighbourhood. These gentlemen, with their minds on future possibilities of ennoblement for themselves, were deeply distressed. Altogether the plan of, where possible, taking one's family name into the House of Lords seems the safest as well as the most advisable in all other respects.

Besides, however, the members of the House of Peers, there are other people whom to correctly identify or designate causes often much trouble. "Why," for instance, it was once demanded, "cannot bishops 'call a spade a spade,' or, in other words, be known by their proper names? Surely they, of all people, have nothing to be ashamed of!"

This remark was occasioned by the trouble that had been caused to a Government clerk in Dublin. Into the hands of this gentleman came a letter signed "John Cork." The reply was drafted: "John Cork, Esq." But the letter, of course, had emanated from the *Bishop* of Cork! This dignitary, in signing "John Cork," had adopted the usual plan.

Another bishop—he of Rochester—has frequently had a similar experience, his signature, "Edw: Roffen," often causing the unacquainted trouble. As for the Bishop of Sodor and Man, receiving letters addressed to "Messrs. Sodor and Man," is, to him, a common experience.

Bishops' titles, seeing that they are responsible for so much needless trouble, should certainly be taxed, and the money given to their poor curates.

Speaking of gentlemen of the cloth reminds me of an alleged difficulty dealt with by a long since defunct comic journal. Answering an imaginary correspondent ("Mosso"), the paper said: "We cannot tell you why it is magistrates, and not clergymen, that have the title of 'your worship.'"!

"Who dwelt in the garden of Eden?" enquires Mamma in the story. "Oh," replies Freddy; "I know—the *Adamses!*" As we have seen, exactly how to refer to people often puzzles persons a good deal older than Freddy. Further instances crop up in, for example, the matter of how to allude to many Scottish people. And sometimes the puzzlement extends even to Scotsmen themselves! Thus, the Scottish correspondent of one of the "Society papers" once spoke of Lord Lovat as the chieftain of his clan. The same correspondent also referred to the Duke of Fife (whose family name, of course, is Duff) as chief of the Duff men. Although, however, a clan can have but one chief, its chieftains may be many.

Another Scottish title often causes trouble. Say that the death is announced of "Neil Cameron, younger of Ardenvohr." This would not mean that, at Ardenvohr, there had been living two Neil Camerons. It would imply that the deceased was heir to the estate of Ardenvohr. His father's name may have been John, Peter, or what not. Neil was "younger of Ardenvohr," and would have inherited the estate by right had he not predeceased his father.

A laird in the West Highlands has three sons. The eldest is styled—and, in any legal or ceremonious document, would be referred to as—"younger of Moor Park"; the next as "younger of Longcroft"; and the third as "younger of Sortie." Why? Because the father intends to thus divide, amongst his sons, his extensive estates.

A further Scottish title that frequently causes trouble to those unacquainted with how to "handle" it, is the picturesque one of "Master." This is occasionally given to the eldest son of a Viscount or a Baron. It is prefixed to the title of the father. Thus: The Master of Falkland, the Master of Ruthven, the Master of Napier, etc. In the olden times its holders were entitled, in the absence of their fathers, to sit and vote in Parliament.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROLAND HAMILTON.

By Henry Allen Ashton.

III.—THE ADVENTURE WITH THE WONDERFUL INVENTOR.

To Roland Hamilton honesty was on a par with electric light, morals generally a matter of geography, religion a question of the stomach, right and wrong, good and bad, the product of an obsolete system of ethics founded by some plausible sentimentalist whose disordered imagination led him to believe in a standard of moral obligation.

Turn the electric light on a man, he would say, and his actions will be above reproach; take a steamer to Constantinople and morality is turned topsy-turvy; whilst a disordered liver or chronic indigestion is simply ruinous to religious fervour. It is a biological fact that function makes the organ, and Roland's life of scheming, swindling, and fraud, although lived in an obscure village in the Midlands, where he had not much scope, had developed in the man a sort of mental and moral atrophy which rendered him a far more dangerous being to society than a desperate maniac. The only redeeming feature in his career, if redeeming it could be called, lay in the fact that he angled for the big fish that fed on the little fish, although he certainly had no sympathy with the greedy gudgeon which so easily and so readily fell into the capacious maw of their pursuers. And, as he sat scanning the "Partnership and Financial" column of the *Daily Telephone*, about a week after he had succeeded in extorting five hundred pounds out of Cyril Herbert Vansittart, the notorious company promoter, he could not help smiling at the extreme gullibility of the fairly well-to-do "out-of-works" for whom the most tempting and appetising advertisement baits were held out. He knew full well that no honest and straightforward four-or-five-line financial advertisement would be looked at, but one that offered a fortune *in posse* for a hundred pounds or so would be eagerly devoured. This was the announcement that caught his eye:—

Opportunity of a Lifetime.—Young gentleman, energetic and enterprising, who desires to make a fortune, should communicate immediately with advertiser. Only £1,000 required for half share in an absolutely proved invention. Certain profit £100,000 a year. Money not required until after actual demonstration is given.—Write, Box X.Y.Z., *Daily Telephone*, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

This was a longer advertisement than most of the others—certainly the most alluring and enticing. The words "Money not required until after actual demonstration is given," were calculated to inspire the reader with confidence, and Roland had no doubt in his own mind that Box X.Y.Z. was the receptacle of a good many letters. So he answered the advertisement from the Piccadilly Hotel, where he was now staying, and the next day received by the evening's post the following letter:—

"62, Ingoldsby Road,
Old Ford, London, E.,
3rd November, 19—.

"Dear Sir,—Will you please call upon the undersigned between 11 and 12 o'clock to-morrow morning. I am so busy attending to the shoals of replies that I must leave particulars about my invention till I see you.

"Although my advertisement has only been inserted a few times, I have received over three hundred answers. I want to complete arrangements at once, so do not fail to put in an appearance to-morrow if you really mean business.

"Yours faithfully,
"Arthur Dymond."

"Very nice and very pretty," mused Roland. "Of course I'll put in an appearance, because I *do* mean business."

Next morning at half-past ten, Hamilton, attired in an immaculate frock coat, one of the latest-shaped silk hats, smartly cut trousers, lavender kid gloves, and a gold-rimmed monocle sallied out in quest of Mr. Arthur Dymond.

Roland took a hansom to Broad Street Station and booked to Old Ford. After some seven or eight stations of a not very inviting appearance had been passed, he alighted on a somewhat dilapidated platform, and requested to be shown the direction of Ingoldsby Road. The route was anything but a pleasant one, and after some ten or twelve minutes' walking, to the accompaniment of sundry ejaculations, such as "Wot cheer 'igh 'at, with a pane o' glass in yer eye," "Wotto, mi lord dook," "'E's got 'em all on," etc., Roland found his place of call, and gave a loud double knock at the door.

Ingoldsby Road was made up of one-storey dwellings of a very mean order; the entire road was dirty, the pavement was littered with refuse, the walls of No. 62 were crumbling with age, and if the rental was ten shillings a week, it was exorbitantly valued.

A middle-aged woman answered the summons, and ushered Roland into a shabby room, which she called the parlour, and bade him "take a seat and sit down while I call Mister Dymond, who won't be a minute."

She had, however, scarcely finished speaking before in came a man in a brown dressing gown and red carpet slippers, who announced himself as "I'm Dymond—Arthur Dymond. You are Mr. Clutterbuck—Mr. Geoffrey Clutterbuck."

"I am, sir," replied Roland Hamilton, easily.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Dymond. "You must excuse my appearance, but we inventors are, what they call in the classics, a trifle negligé. This neighbourhood, too, it not what I may call aristocratic."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir," observed Roland; "gold and diamonds are extracted from the earth."

"Gold and diamonds!" ejaculated the inventor. "What made you mention them?"

"Nothing," replied Roland; "I was merely using an analogy."

"You swear that?"

"Certainly."

"You have not heard, then?"

"Heard what?"

"Of the nature of my great invention—the greatest, the most wonderful, the most marvellous invention the world has ever known."

"No," replied Roland, beginning to simulate the greenhorn. "Do tell me quickly what it is. I hardly had a wink of sleep all last night thinking about it. I was afraid," he added, "that I might be too late."

"As a matter of fact, you are only just in time," said Mr. Dymond; "but I am a graphologist, and I liked the style of your handwriting, plenty of character about it. That's why I promptly wrote and asked you to call here this morning. Look at these"—indicating a pile of letters—"they all want a half share, but they're not going to have it."

"Do you think they all possess the necessary qualification—a thousand pounds?"

"Thousand pounds," sneered the inventor, "a mere flea bite. Why, one man somewhere amongst that lot says he's got anything up to ten thousand; but, lor' bless me, it isn't only money I want, it's brains, sir, a man of social standing like yourself—none of your plutocrats for me. I think that is the correct word for the rich but uneducated classes."

Roland agreed that the definition might stand.

"Now I'll tell you what my invention is," essayed Mr. Dymond, a thin, nervous-looking little man, with hair parted in the centre, a small moustache and a little pointed beard, all of a reddish hue. "But first let me inquire whether you are in league with the Rothschilds, Morgans, or any big financial house in London, because if you are——"

Roland assured the inventor that these magnates were totally unknown to him.

"The reason I ask is because if any financier or promoter once gets wind of my invention, I shall be forced to accept a paltry forty or fifty thousand, or be done away with, somehow or other. You don't know how these millionaires and bankers rob and ruin or make away with the comparatively poor man like myself."

"I suppose when anyone is 'Found Drowned,' or 'Missing,' or——"

"That's it," interjected Mr. Dymond, "that's just it. That's why I left South Kensington, and perfected my invention down here in Old Ford. All my people live up West. I am here incognito."

"What is your invention?" blurted out Roland. "Don't keep me in suspense any longer?"

Mr. Arthur Dymond ostentatiously satisfied himself that the door was shut, and that not only was there no interloper lurking behind the curtain, but that the catch of the window was firmly secured.

"You have heard of wireless telegraphy, and you will soon hear of wireless telephones. Your knowledge undoubtedly extends to the substance called radium and to radio-activity. You are also aware that the Röntgen rays will, like Hertzian waves of electricity, pierce and penetrate any material substance——".

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Roland impatiently; "but your invention—what is it?"

"I'm coming to it, don't hurry me too much," said the great inventor. "Well, my invention, which has taken me over twenty years to perfect—I was forty-two the day before yesterday—is an apparatus which, without emitting rays of light, will enable any mining engineer or prospector, or any individual for that matter, to see at a glance how much gold, and how many and what size diamonds a mine contains."

"It must indeed be a wonderful invention," cried Roland, in well-simulated amazement.

"Wonderful! that's not the name for it," said Mr. Dymond; "it's a miracle of nature, that's what it is—nothing more, nothing less. Every mining company will be bound to have at least half a dozen; some will require twenty, fifty, aye a hundred, and more, and the cost to them will be five hundred guineas each. Now, take only a hundred companies; suppose they each have only half a dozen Dymondoscopes, as I call them, then figure it out at five hundred guineas each, or work it out at five hundred quid each, leaving out the odd shillings, and just see for yourself what it pans out to."

"Three hundred thousand pounds," replied Roland, without any violent mental effort.

"Per annum," put in Mr. Dymond, "for each apparatus will only last a year at most."

"And the cost to you?"

"About a fiver each."

"You will be a millionaire," cried Roland, apparently lost in wonder and rapture.

"We shall both be millionaires," returned Mr. Dymond—"that is if you join me. You see I underestimated the value of my invention in the advertisement. I put it down at only £100,000 a year. Do you know why I did that?"

"No."

"So as not to excite suspicion," replied the sagacious Dymond. "Just fancy what would have happened if I had stated the truth. Why, I should have had thousands and tens of thousands of letters."

"And perhaps have been 'Found Drowned,'" added Roland.

He was apparently so much in earnest over the whole thing that it never entered the mind of the plausible Dymond that there was even the remotest possibility of Roland not being a genuine "mug."

"You're right," returned the inventor; "I should have been done away with somehow or other, and it's chiefly for protection's sake that I want a partner."

"I think if I remember rightly you said in the advertisement 'money not required until after actual demonstration is given.'"

"They were the exact words."

"Have you a working model?"

"I have."

"Oh, where is it?" cried Roland, with boyish eagerness. "I'm dying to see it."

"And so you shall," said Dymond. "I'll go and fetch it at once."

The inventor left the room.

Whilst he was gone Hamilton bestowed a *coup d'œil* over the dingy little parlour. It had a very poverty-stricken appearance; the carpet was in places worn to a thread, a sofa looked as though it had been purchased second-hand several years ago, whilst the chairs had that bedraggled look about them which bespoke years and years of hard wear. The pictures were "pot-boilers," no doubt picked up at some East-end auction room, ages ago, for a few shillings, which sum included their massive gilt frames. A piano, on the music-holder of which rested a well-worn copy of a piece called "Blithe and Gay," was minus the ivory or bone of at least three keys. Altogether, it was scarcely an apartment calculated to inspire a monied man with confidence.

"Here is the Dymondoscope!" exclaimed the inventor jubilantly, as he carefully placed a cumbrous-looking parallelogram-shaped box on the table. "You shall see for yourself, Mr. Clutterbuck, whether or no my invention does all I claim for it. Remember," he added, with emphasis, "I stick to what the advertisement says, 'no demonstration, no pay.'"

Mr. Dymond next produced an ordinary house brick, and placing it on its side on the table, requested Roland to make a chalk mark on the upturned side, which request was immediately complied with. The article was then placed lengthwise across the apparatus in a groove, into which it sank until the middle of the brick was directly in the plane of a line along which the eye would travel. The chalked side was turned in the opposite direction.

"Now, tell me whether you can see through that brick, which represents a body of earth, and if you can see through it I think you will readily agree that by the Dymondoscope the naked eye can penetrate matter of the greatest density."

Roland placed his eye against a small cylinder fixed in the side of the apparatus and looked through.

"Marvellous! Wonderful!" were only two of the ejaculations which passed his lips. "I can not only see through that brick, but I can actually see the cross I chalked at the back of it."

"You see," exclaimed the inventor triumphantly, "I have successfully solved the mystery of penetrating matter with the naked eye."

He took a book, an old mustard tin, a lump of coal, and a block of wood, and apparently Roland saw through them all.

"Have I proved the value of my invention, or have I failed—which?"

"You have absolutely succeeded."

"Now we can talk business," said Mr. Dymond.

Roland was nothing of a scientist or a mechanician, yet it required but the most elementary knowledge of optics to explain the artful trick. He knew quite well that the position of the image of an object is easily ascertained when the position of the image of a point with reference to the position of the point itself has been found; and of the reflecting or refracting instrument, that is the mirror or lens. This man Dymond, knowing that the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection, had by an ingenious arrangement of small mirrors so constructed an apparatus that the reflection of the image of the object passed directly underneath the object itself until it was mirrored opposite the focus of the eye.

There was a loud knock at the door, and in a few moments voices high in altercation sounded in the passage. As there was a reasonable probability of words being overheard, Mr. Dymond, after making his excuses to Roland, hurriedly left the room.

"It's a fraud, and I'm going to have my money back if I have to stay here all night," bawled an irate individual.

"All right, Mrs. Simpson," Mr. Dymond had said on closing the door behind him, but loud enough to be heard by Roland. "I'll attend to this gentleman."

"What's it to be, money or the police?"

"My dear sir, I have a gentleman with me now who——"

Roland Hamilton caught no more, as the voices dropped, but placing his ear at the keyhole he was in time to overhear a few more utterances a minute or two afterwards.

". . . . and after I come in from lunch, I'll give you a cheque for the full amount you paid me."

"What time will that be?"

"About half-past one, but make it two o'clock, so as to be on the safe side."

"Right you are," returned the other, apparently mollified; "but if it isn't ready when I come back——"

"Don't worry about that—I shan't disappoint," and the door closed.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Clutterbuck," apologised the inventor; "but the fact is so many people are begging me to let them take a share in my Dymondoscope that——"

"You must find it hard to resist them," chimed in Roland.

"Are *you* quite satisfied?"

"Perfectly."

"You will take a share—half share, for a thousand?"

"Certainly. Have you got an agreement?"

"We don't want any agreement, an ordinary letter will do equally as well."

"Just as you like. Write it out, and have it ready by two o'clock, and I will return with a cheque for a hundred on account."

"Couldn't do it, sir," said Dymond, "it's all or nothing."

"Very well," returned Roland, "I'll bring the money in notes. The trains run every fifteen minutes from Old Ford Station to Broad Street, and I can soon get to the Bank of England, and be back a little after two o'clock."

"Make it half-past one," said Mr. Dymond, "as I have an appointment at two. I am going to return a deposit to a man who was extremely anxious for a partnership, but—well, to cut a long story short, he was not the man for me."

"Good," said Roland, "I'll be back by 1.30 with everything."

In another moment he had left 62, Ingoldsby Road and entered the street.

Mr. Arthur Dymond was so overcome with joy that he capered inanely all round the little parlour. He loaded his pipe with rather strong tobacco, and helped himself to half a tumbler of Tarragona port.

"Think I'll cut it and run to-night," he mused. "Things are getting a darned sight too hot; but I've not done so bad, after all."

When Roland left the house he paid a small urchin to direct him to the nearest printer's, where he had a few special visiting cards printed. Then he picked up two men, to each of whom he gave half-a-crown as a retainer to secure their services for an hour or two.

"All you have to do," he told them, "is to knock at the door of 62, Ingoldsby Road directly I tap on the front window. When the door is opened march straight in and enter the parlour, the one you will see me tapping from. Both touch your caps to me and say, 'Ready, 'Spector?' Then I'll say, 'I think the Commissioner has made a mistake.' Then one of you touch your cap again, and say, 'Yard, sir?'

and I'll say, 'No! wait outside.' When I come out you can then both follow me, and it's a sovereign each."

"Gawd lumme, guv'nor, a thick 'un?"

"As true as I am standing here," returned Roland, "one golden sovereign each. Now, keep behind, and follow me."

At 12.15 the pseudo-inventor left No. 62 to get his lunch, and at 12.17, in answer to a loud knock, the door was cautiously opened by Mrs. Simpson. In a trice Roland was inside the house, and soon had the landlady safely ensconced in the dingy front parlour.

"I'll have the lawr of yer, that I will," began the infuriated woman. "Who are you, I'd like to know, as dares to——"

"A police officer," put in Roland. "Sit down quietly, and tell me everything, or I'll arrest you with Dymond, or whatever his name is."

Mrs. Simpson was too frightened to do anything but fall into the nearest chair.

"What is his right name," demanded Roland, notebook in hand. "Come, hurry up."

"Alexander Richmond, sir," she replied, plaintively.

"Correct. How long has he lived here?"

"He doesn't live here, please sir; he only comes at ten and goes at four. He lives at 345, Burdett Road, Limehouse."

"Do you have many rows like the one I overheard just now?"

"Occasionally sir, not so very often. The very disagreeable ones write threatening letters, so I've heard Mr. Dymond say—I mean Mr. Richmond, of course, sir."

"How long has he been carrying on this game," pointing to the ugly-looking model.

"Two months come next Wednesday, sir," replied Mrs. Simpson, in a firmer voice now the first shock was over. "I can tell it from my rent book."

"Where does he keep all his books and papers?" insisted Roland, relentlessly.

"In those drawers, sir."

"You, of course, have duplicate keys; go and fetch them," he demanded, "and as you have volunteered information you will not be called upon to give evidence. If you did, the judge would be certain to say that you were his accomplice, and that would mean at least three years' penal servitude."

"God bless you, sir," responded the landlady, as she quickly produced a bunch of keys; "you can find the right ones yourself."

"Thank you, that will do. I shan't require you any more," said Roland, "and I will see the magistrate privately, and ask him to keep your name and this address out of the case altogether."

With fervent blessings and tears of gratitude the landlady returned to the kitchen.

During the next half hour Roland Hamilton had an exceedingly busy time, but he gleaned all the information he desired. Before leaving the house he called to Mrs. Simpson and told her that he was only going out to report to his men who were watching the house, and that he should return with Mr. Richmond.

Joining his two newly-found acquaintances, the trio rehearsed the little scene that was so soon to take place, and Roland had barely time to repeat his injunctions when the inventor hove in sight, a good ten minutes before his time. Roland therefore walked hastily on in front.

"Hallo, you're a punctual man," cried Dymond; "you and I are well matched. I have brains, resource and energy, you, money, organisation, and social status—that's what it should be."

"That we shall see," returned Roland.

Mr. Dymond let himself in with a latch key.

"Sit down on that chair," said Roland, dictatorially, "I don't want to waste any more time. I'm a detective, and I hold a warrant for the arrest of one Alexander Richmond, residing at 345, Burdett Road, Limehouse, and from information received I have reason to believe you are that individual—here is my card."

Pale and trembling with fear, the inventor took the card in his shaking hand and read thereon, "Detective-Inspector Strangeways, Great Scotland Yard."

"Would you like to see the warrant?" asked Roland, making a pretence to find it in an inside pocket.

"No, no; but I'm Dymond, Arthur Dymond. You're not Mr. Clutterbuck, then?"

"Certainly not; police methods are adopted to bring the thief to justice; we assume strange garbs at times."

"Couldn't it be arranged somehow?"

"How dare you attempt to bribe an officer of the law!" cried Roland, "and take care what you say, for it may be used in evidence against you. Produce all your papers, money, cheque book, and valuables of all kinds."

Thinking the game was up, the sham inventor gave up possession of everything relating to the advertised partnership in his Dymondoscope.

"Just let me tell you what I know without reading any of these papers," essayed Roland; and he forthwith gave a brief outline of the result of his recent search of the parlour. "You have received amounts aggregating £4,520 as deposits on account of proposed partnerships for your looking-glass arrangement. You have paid away"—here he consulted a note-book—"or returned only £380, so that you have now standing to your credit at the Old Ford branch of the Imperial Bank of London, a balance amounting to £4,140."

"You found that out from the bank?"

"Never mind. And that man who was here just now and kicked up such a bother, has also sworn an information against you, so that——"

"Is your position worth more than a couple of thousand pounds?" queried Dymond, making a bold attempt to compromise matters.

"It is worth five thousand pounds."

A bright look of unexpected hope burned in Dymond's eyes.

"Take £3,000, and let me go—for pity's sake, for mercy's sake."

"Look here," said Roland, "I'll tell you what I *will* do. Write out a cheque for £4,000, don't cross it, make it payable to bearer, and hand it to me. Then, just before the bank closes, draw out the balance yourself, and take the night boat to the Continent—at any rate, don't be in this country longer than you can help."

With this Roland lightly tapped at the window, and the two men from outside stalked into the parlour, touched their caps as deferentially as they could, and chorused "Ready, 'Spector?" When Roland said "I think the Commissioner has made a mistake," one of the men with a heavy bull-dog face, acting up to his orders, growled "Yard, sir?" and he was promptly answered with "No, wait outside."

It all went off without a single hitch.

There was not the slightest shadow of a doubt in the mind of Alexander Richmond, alias Arthur Dymond, that Roland was there to arrest him, and it was with a sigh of intense relief that he handed him over an open cheque for £4,000, swindled out of perhaps thirty genuine British "mugs" or "greenhorns."

Five minutes later the cheque had been presented and duly honoured, each of the street men receiving a five-pound note instead of a sovereign.

"Kick me in the shins, Bill," said the burly one, "'cause I'm afraid I'm dreamin'."

"It may wake you up, Joe," returned the other; "let's go on the booze afore we *do* wake up."

"Two pound out of an hotel thief, £10 out of a black-listed director, £500 out of a fraudulent company promoter, and now £4,000 out of a common partnership swindler—not so bad," soliloquised Roland Hamilton, as he made his way to Old Ford Station. "I'm getting on fairly well for a countryman only a few days in London. I wonder what my next adventure will be. I must try and beat this one, if I can!"

X.—HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

We have received the following letter. Mr. Noonan's address is 304, Ladbroke Grove, North Kensington, W. We have satisfied ourselves that the case is a deserving one. Perhaps some reader of John Bull may be willing, and able, to give work to the man for whom Mr. Noonan pleads:

Dear Sir,—May I call the following case to your notice in the hope that you will be able to find space for it in your columns?

A young chap, slightly deaf and suffering from consumption; he was attending St. Mary's Hospital for three weeks, and was at Mount Vernon Hospital for seven weeks, but was discharged from there as progress was not satisfactory. The doctor told him to get some light work in the country. Since leaving the hospital he has tried hard to get work of any kind, but finds it impossible when he explains where he has been. He has applied to both the S.A. and C.A., but can get no help from either. He is at present living with his mother. She is over 60, and finds it a hard task to keep the home together.

Their income averages 9s. a week; of this, 6s. goes for rent. This cannot last long, so I appeal to any of your country readers who may want a young chap to do light work to give him a chance. He would be only too glad to work for food and lodging to get off his mother's hands. He can give excellent references, and is also a good writer. If anyone can give a little help in this direction I shall be pleased if they will communicate with me.

I remain, yours faithfully,

G. Noonan.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See page 1.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahlé.

XXI.—THE MASTER OF THE GEE-GEES.

The Press Association is asked to publish the fact that the Right Honourable the Earl of Sefton, being out of accord with the extreme measures of the Government, has resigned the Mas^rship of the Horse. Opening one of the ha'penny fine art papers the other morning, I had the pleasure of gazing on a likeness of his lordship. His moustache is very beautiful, his features have a pleasing expression, and, as far as I am able to judge, he has nice hair. But not until I turned to the books of biography did I discover his lordship's special purport on earth. It seems that his full name is Charles William Hylton Molyneux, that several centuries ago one of his ancestors served under Edward the Black Prince in France and Spain, that another distinguished himself at Agincourt and in the wars under Henry V., that another fell in the Wars of the Roses, that another captured two standards at Flodden, that another drew the sword for Charles I. at Worcester, and that by way of continuing this glorious tradition and keeping the fame in the family, so to speak, Charles William Hylton Molyneux, Viscount Molyneux, Earl of Sefton, got himself born with 30,300 acres, became a Lieutenant in the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, and subsequently reached the dazzling pinnacle of his career by becoming, at the invitation of the head of an alleged Radical Ministry, Master of the Horse.

Now the news falls on the world like a thunderbolt that his lordship has decided to cast himself down from office and power, and in the interests of his beloved country, and as an example of lofty self-sacrifice, resign the Mastership of the Gee-Gees because he is "out of accord with the extreme measures of the Government." The Government is still tottering, and the nation is still reeling from the terrible blow. At the moment of writing, indeed, it is doubtful whether either of them will recover in time for Christmas. If the Prime Minister, or the Chancellor of the Tax-gathering Department had resigned, we might all have got over it quickly; but when it comes to the Master of the Horse—when, I say, we realise that never, never more will the Earl of Sefton direct the King's gee-gees, there seems nothing else to live for. Life is but an empty dream.

I am in daily and hourly fear that the worst has not happened. The extreme measures which this awful Government hasn't passed are calculated to frighten anybody of super-nervous disposition out of his office of profit under the Crown. It would not at all surprise me now if the Groom of the Stole, the First Gentleman Porter, the Sergeant State Porter, the Pages of the Back Stairs, and the Keeper of the Swans were to throw up their jobs *en bloc*, by reason of their inability to agree with the extreme measures of the Government as aforesaid. This is an awful thought—I say it is one of the most awful thoughts which has ever been thought in the whole history of powerful thinking, that before we know where we are, so to say, the stole may be without a groom, the chief State door without a First Gentleman Porter and a Sergeant State Porter, the back stairs without a page, and the swans without a keeper.

I fear it is now too late to interfere; but if the hour is not yet gone, and another noble lord has not already drawn a quarter's salary on appointment to the berth, I shall be glad to place my services at the disposal of the Earl of Sefton for the adjustment of his grievances. What I feel about it is that when a Master of the Horse does not agree with the measures of the Government they should be at once altered, or the Government should go. The Government give themselves too many airs.

To guide me in my attitude, and to assist my investigations into his startling case, I shall be glad if his lordship will oblige me with a list of the extreme measures of the Government. Moreover, if he will send on to me a microscope of high magnification, I will search for them myself. With my unaided eye, I am bound to say I have searched and have not found them. The only thing extreme which has attracted my attention in this Government is their extreme hesitation in going the whole animal while they are about it. But my sight is not as good as it used to be, and if it has escaped my notice that the Government are in the way of interfering with the gee-gees, or the Master of the same—if, I say, they are engaged in a subtle conspiracy to abolish the Master of the Horse altogether, and save the money in the petty interests of a vulgar and sordid economy, then I hereby demand to know what they mean by this gross insult to a noble earl with ancestors who fought for the Black Prince, Henry V., Charles I., and other eminent persons utterly dead, and by this scandalous outrage on a free and enlightened people.

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Actor and the Parson.

Some weeks ago, *àpropos* the annual meeting in London of an organisation called the Actors' Church Union, I ventured to suggest that if that body was based upon the idea that the Church and the Stage must join hands in a mission for the good of humanity, it savoured of Pharisaism; that the scheme must strike ordinary men as superfluous, grotesque, and "snuffling." My impression of the Union and its objects was obtained from various newspaper reports of the addresses delivered at its meetings by Bishops, actor-managers, and other peculiarly eloquent and righteous men; but the Rev. Donald Hole, its hon. secretary and treasurer, seems to imagine that I have misconceived those objects and done some injustice to the Union. I do not think this is so; but, holding no views and expressing no opinions that I am unprepared to defend, and regarding as the first principle of profitable controversy the granting of the fullest fairplay to the other side, I print with pleasure an epistle which (with enclosures) Mr. Hole has sent to the Editor. To make Mr. Hole's points quite clear it is only needful that I should add to what I have said already a reminder that the central point of the paragraph to which he takes exception read as follows:—

"There may be a Journalists' Church Union, or a Barristers' Church Union, or a Doctors' Church Union, an M.P.'s Church Union, or a Constables' Church Union, but I have never heard of them. Why, then, an Actors' Church Union? Are we to infer that the 'profession' is in special need of clerical guidance, or that the clergy are in special need of spiritual consolation from the profession?"

A Reverend Reply.

In reply to all of which, and a little besides, the Rev. Donald Hole writes in these terms: "The idea of having Church Guilds, or Unions, in connection with various special professions, is by no means a new one, although your contributor 'P.' appears to be unfamiliar with it. There is, for instance, the Guild of St. Luke for Doctors, the Guild of St. Barnabas for Hospital Nurses, the Guild of the Holy Standard for Soldiers, the Guild of St. Martin for Postmen, the Guilds of St. Peter and of St. Edmund for Elementary School Teachers. There is also a Guild for Journalists. The formation of a Church Union for Actors is therefore only following a well-established precedent, and does not in any way imply that Actors are 'in special need of clerical guidance' any more than Doctors, Nurses, Soldiers, Postmen, Schoolmasters or Journalists, or, indeed, than the members of any other profession, trade, or calling.

"The object of the Actors' Church Union is really a very simple one. The actor's life, while on tour, is one of constant travelling. He seldom stays longer than one week in any given place, and he always travels on Sunday. This being so, it is obvious that Churchmen and Churchwomen belonging to the profession (and there are many such) are deprived, through no fault of their own, of many of the spiritual advantages which are enjoyed by other Churchmen whose mode of life permits them to have a fixed place of residence, and to attend some particular church. This difficulty is not, of course, *confined* to the theatrical profession. It applies also to other sections of the community, notably, soldiers and sailors. In these instances it is met by having military and naval chaplains. In a similar way the A.C.U. endeavours to secure hon. chaplains in each theatrical centre who will place their services at the disposal of any actor or actress who may desire to make use of them. The chaplain's name is posted in the theatre, together with the name of his church and the hours of service, etc. Should any members of a company be left behind sick in a town, the chaplain will do his best to look after them and afford them any assistance in his power. In thus forming a special organisation to try and meet the spiritual needs of theatrical people on tour, the A.C.U. considers them not so much as actors and actresses as 'occasional parishioners.'

"Now, can this attempt be fairly described as 'very grotesque and just a trifle snuffling'? It strikes me as a commonsense way of meeting an obvious difficulty, and I have abundant evidence that it is appreciated by members of the profession. Of course, there are many people who do not desire the services of the clergy under any circumstances. To such we make no appeal. But, Sir, this is a free country, and if a Churchman, who happens also to be an actor, desires to avail himself of an organisation by which the Church's ministrations may be placed more easily within his reach, he is surely at liberty to do so without being called 'grotesque' and 'snuffling.'"

By Way of Rejoinder.

The Rev. Donald Hole is the bearer of a name which, as an ardent enemy of the green fly, I respect much more deeply than I do the general body of ecclesiastical dignitaries in this country. But I cannot allow my bias in favour of his famous and revered relative to blind me to Mr. Hole's defects as a polemist, or to imagine a necessity where none exists. Waiving the possibility that there may be a difference in detail between a Doctors', a Nurses', a Soldiers', a Postmen's, an Elementary School Teachers' or a Journalists' Guild and an Actors' Church Union, I am ready to admit the limitations of my own knowledge. All the doctors, hospital nurses, soldiers, postmen, elementary school teachers and journalists of my acquaintance are only of average devoutness; and that no doubt is why I had not heard that some of their professional fellows are banded together in special flocks, as it were, with a view to assisting and being assisted by the clergy of the Church of England in ways peculiar to themselves. I do not see the need for such particular classifications of saints, believing as I do that the sources of spiritual stimulus and the avenues for spiritual activity are quite sufficiently supplied by the parochial organisations of Mr. Hole's own Church and its thousand-and-one variations. In his closing sentence, Mr. Hole unfortunately (and, I am sure, accidentally), misrepresents what I said; but in the same paragraph he makes what to some minds may appear a very obvious point at my expense, when he declares: "But, Sir, this is a free country." Precisely; that is just why I am at liberty to criticise the relations of the Church toward a section of the people without having a ring run through my nose or sentence of outlawry passed upon my wilful conscience.

Liberty and License.

The freedom of criticism owes as much and as little to our spiritual pastors and masters as does the art and profession of acting. Both have prospered exceedingly, despite the hostility of the Cloth. Religion is a personal affair of the individual; and I confess to a feeling of suspicion and repugnance toward all corporations, whether they call themselves Church Unions, or Guilds, or Salvation Armies that press their uninvited propaganda upon the privacy of the common citizen. "The ideal at which we aim," says the report of the Actors' Church Union, "is a regular weekly visit paid by the chaplains to the members of the theatrical companies which come to their towns, *whether they happen to* belong to the Union or not. This has in some cases actually been carried out." I am happy to say that this ideal of organised impertinence seems to be very far from complete realisation. There are 190 members of the Union, and they have 153 chaplains to look after them. "More than 100 subscriptions (out of 190 members) for the current year still remain unpaid," I learn from the report; whilst only 61 chaplains out of the 153 troubled to fill up a form specially sent out asking them to set down any useful thing they might have done in their capacity of chaplain during the year—the eighth year by the way, since the Union was started. Several of the most impressive communications from the chaplains are quoted in the report; and they are curious to a degree. "I have been able to come into rather close contact with some of the companies visiting here," says the Rev. L'Argent Bell, of South Shields. "A couple were married at St. Dyfrig's while out of work," says the Rev. H. A. Coe of Cardiff. "An actor (not a member of the A.C.U.) borrowed thirty shillings," writes another chaplain—whose name is mercifully suppressed—"but I still wait for the fulfilment of his promise to pay"! As Mr. Martin Harvey's North Country Nonconformist friend remarked, "It's wonderful the length a man will go to for the sake of raising money." I am afraid there be actors who would even join the Actors' Church Union to this end: clearly there is one actor not above utilising a chaplain of that Union in ways not provided for in the rules.

A Needless Union.

Possibly here and there, these chaplains may give a helping hand in a case of genuine distress; but the report of the Actors' Church Union gives no instance which could not have been dealt with satisfactorily by the Actors' Benevolent Fund, the Actors' Association, the Actors' Union, the Theatrical Ladies Guild, or the local clergy in the course of their regular duty. That the actors and actresses visited are generally courteous to the chaplains only shows, what we knew already, that most touring actors are gentlemen and that most actresses are ladies. That the visits in the majority of cases are really welcome I beg leave to doubt; that the actors and actresses do not join the Union largely is certain; that those who have joined are "shy" of mentioning the fact to their comrades is admitted. Although their movements are communicated week by week by Mr. Hole to the chaplains at the various centres, few of the members appear to attend the apportioned church, or look up the local clergy. An I would I could say more; but I will merely leave these official facts to speak for themselves.

P.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The British Hen Again.

Yet again I must return to the interesting subject of the British hen, because the freshness or otherwise of the breakfast egg is a matter of perennial concern to householders. A contemporary has been complaining that Londoners are not nearly so enterprising in the industry of hen culture as are the Parisians. It was pointed out that nearly every roof in Paris is a poultry run, which, after all, is only what might be expected of the frugal French. But Cockneys are not so wanting in initiative in poultry farming as the article in question would lead one to suspect. Some while ago fresh eggs were sorely needed, and at this time I was living in Chelsea. It was an early closing day, and consequently the dairies were shut. I inquired at a newsagent's, to learn that eggs might be obtained at a small haberdasher's shop in a humble street. I hurried there to find I was able to secure what I needed. Upon my asking the woman who served me if these were fresh, she opened a door beneath the counter, and six or seven cackling hens appeared in the shop.

Unjust Judges.

The doggy world just now is all agog with reference to decisions of certain judges at dog shows. As year by year the woman exhibitor becomes more frequent, this must be a matter that must interest many of my readers. That this grievance is one which is not suffered by wholly unsuccessful exhibitors is proved by the fact that a well-known spaniel judge, Mr. Farrow by name, has, in writing his customary show report in the *Kennel Gazette*, been expressing surprise at the way in which some dogs who at many shows carry all before them, suddenly meet at other exhibitions with a series of adverse verdicts. When I point out to my readers that nearly all the judges are breeders and exhibitors it looks as if there were "something rotten in the state of Denmark." Mr. Farrow is only voicing considerable discontent in the "doggy" world which, in time, must bear fruit. To give chapter and verse of my own experience. There is a well-known cocker spaniel named "Truth," bred by Mr. Lloyd, of Ware, who won championship after championship, to the ill-concealed dismay of the owners of rival dogs. Suddenly, without apparent reason, "Truth" was repeatedly "put down," dogs being put over her that she had beaten before. The way in which judges are appointed by the committee of the Kennel Club would bear a little wholesome investigation.

Children's Seaside Services.

The Vicar of Felixstowe takes exception to my remarks about certain journeyman preachers who make the seaside hideous with their nauseous bawling and ofttimes worse behaviour. He tells the readers of John Bull that he knows of several young men from Oxford and Cambridge who give up their "long" to preach upon the sands. This is no reply to my complaint. I made no mention of these young enthusiasts, who, although doubtless acting from praiseworthy motives, make seaside resorts singularly unattractive to those who seek sea breezes for other purposes than hearing the preaching of sermons and the singing of hymns to children who would be better occupied in playing on the sands. If the Vicar of Felixstowe would re-read my recent paragraph he will see that it refers only to a class of person that abuses the privileges of his cloth in the manner I indicated, and not to adolescent members of the Children's Special Seaside Mission. My facts were supplied to me by parents who had every reason to complain of the conduct mentioned. I fear Mr. Cambie is flogging dead horses.

"Mixed" Schools.

The question of the co-education of boys and girls is again to the fore. The chief reason advanced to support the idea is that girls' education is not, at present, as ample and satisfactory as that of their brothers. But, surely, when every year boys and girls in very even proportions successfully pass those public examinations for which the brightest pupils of every school of any pretensions are entered, it is reasonable to suppose that, on the whole, the training received by the girls is as good as that which is given to the lads.

In America co-education is practically universal; thus, those interested can see how it works out in practice, as well as in theory. It is claimed there that this system renders the boys more considerate and courteous, the girls braver and less petty, while the ambition and energy of both are kept alert. The undoubted genuine respect and deference that the average American man willingly offers his womenfolk is attributed by many to this early training. As the President of Bryn Mawr Women's College declares, when a boy has sat on the same bench with girls of his own age, studying the same lessons, and has found that it requires the exercise of every atom of his intelligence to keep pace with the girls, and that sometimes, despite his most frantic efforts, he is unable to do so, that boy, in after life, can never take the same arrogant view of the undoubted superiority of the male intellect that we behold in those who have never had the same opportunity of thus genuinely testing their capacities against that of the feminine brain.

But, on the other hand, it has been suggested that when clever Maria sees the boys in the recreation hour paying all the attention to silly little Daisy, will she not lament her own intelligence, and commence to dispute the position at the bottom of the class with Daisy? It would not be safe to say this has never happened, but all silly Daisies are not fascinating, and all clever Marias are not repulsive. May not all the boyish attentions be gained by bright, amusing Maria, and may not dull-witted Daisy, smitten with envy, commence to apply herself with unwonted ardour to her lessons with a view to holding her own socially against Maria? Be this as it may, co-education in America has undoubtedly come to stop.

Relics of Barbarism.

Surely there is no more fascinating and altogether alluring article of feminine adornment than the ear-ring, and it is with great satisfaction that I notice the care and attention jewellers are once again bestowing upon these dainty trifles. The latest designs are being made quite long, so that they hang loose and quiver in a delicious manner, while should they chance to be composed of diamonds they sparkle and scintillate with dazzling brilliance whenever the wearer moves her head. These ornaments have been out of fashion for so long that the rising generation of girls has not got its ears pierced. The more enterprising damsels are promptly undergoing the operation. More timid spirits are patronising those ingenious "dingle-dangles" that are especially made to screw on to unpierced ears; but an unabashed little hole deliberately made in the flesh—a small degree of suffering undergone simply and solely in the cause of beauty—a genuine sacrifice to Venus, goddess of beauty—appeals to me as far more charming and romantic than any such make-shifts. It may be barbaric to pierce one's ears on purpose to suspend adornments thereunto, but whatever does that matter? Indeed, the combination of such a relic of savagery, together with the culture and independence of civilisation, merely speaks of the interesting versatility of the modern woman.

As far back as history goes we find that the decorative value of ear-rings has been appreciated. The Egyptian women of over seven thousand years ago wore them, while those designed for the ladies of ancient Greece and Rome were truly elaborate. Flaubert describes his Carthaginian heroine, Salambo, as wearing, when deliberately arrayed to fascinate, a most unique pair of ear-rings. They were in the form of two small scales of sapphire, each supporting a hollow pearl filled with liquid perfume. At intervals a minute drop squeezed its way through a tiny hole in the pearl, and fell upon the wearer's bare shoulders. Rather a pretty idea, wasn't it?

A New Discovery.

Some learned person has been holding forth to the effect that people think with their hands, feet, and hearts as much as with their brains. I was always under the impression that the average person was incapable of thought, or if they appeared to be otherwise, it was because they borrowed their ideas from the handiest "brainy" neighbour.

A New Manageress.

I see that Miss Lena Ashwell is going into management, this time at the old Novelty Theatre, which has been rechristened. There is a time in the affairs when it is incumbent on all actors and actresses of any note to go into management, chiefly owing to the fact that managers are no longer eager to pay the enormous salaries which successful stage folk demand. Hence these enterprises. I liked Miss Ashwell in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and if she could repeat this success in an equally interesting play, she would doubtless do well. Anyway, I hope that this venture will be more successful than her last.

A Chop for an Invalid.

In warm weather invalids often turn with repulsion from the idea of meat. Try them with this recipe. Take a loin chop, remove fat and gristle, and mince the lean finely. Put it into a basin with one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, two of water, a very little pepper and salt, and a few drops of ketchup. Mix well, put into a saucepan, cover and serve on a slice of toast, thinly buttered, and cut into four squares. It sounds nice enough to tempt one to pretend to be an invalid in order to be thus catered for.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To His Majesty Yi Hiung, ex-Emperor of Korea.

Sire,—It is impossible to view the close of your ignominious reign without some pity for your misfortunes, even though you did bring them upon yourself by your cowardice and incapacity. Some allowance must no doubt be made on account of your bringing-up. After spending the best years of your life in an atmosphere of dissipation, surrounded by hordes of geishas, beside the Lake of the Sea of Lilies, you could scarcely expect to hold your own against the relentless inroad of the Japs. But you deliberately opened the way to their advance. I can understand your wearying of the dreary round of Oriental pleasures, but surely you need not have gone to the opposite extreme and hastened the advent of "civilisation," which was bound to destroy the independence of your realm. However, I am obliged to confess that you have been very badly treated. The murder and mutilation of your gifted wife by Japanese soldiers, acting under the direct orders of a Japanese Minister, was your first example of the blessings of civilisation, and now your successor will be reduced to a position similar to that of the Bey of Tunis. The Great Powers have contemplated your sorrows with singular callousness, and it was certainly hard that your envoys should not be granted even a hearing at The Hague. I can only trust that you may enjoy greater happiness in exile than you have done during your wretched reign. As for your half-witted successor, he is certainly not to be envied.

John Bull.

To the Most Noble the Marquess of Clanricarde.

My Lord,—Surprise predominated over pleasure when I heard you deliver your remarkable speech in the gilded chamber which you so strikingly adorn. In Ireland you are regarded not merely as an oppressor and a skinflint, but as a coward. If you had pulled yourself together and visited your tenants at any time during the last twenty or thirty years, if only to assert your seignorial rights, you might not have attained to popularity, but you would at least have escaped execration. Pluck is generally the perquisite of even the most abandoned Irishman, and your timidity has led many people to surmise that you cannot really have very much Irish blood in your veins. At any rate, you have not succeeded in sustaining the magnificent old traditions of the De Burghs. A good fighting oppressor is respected in Ireland, but you have hidden yourself in London and accepted vicarious trouble through your unfortunate agents, whom you have not been disposed to overpay. So we were all surprised when you ventured to occupy the floor of the House of Lords and carry the war into the enemy's country. Your exordium and your peroration were alike received in significant silence, and this was not to be wondered at, for your unpopularity among the friends of Ireland is as nothing compared with the disgust in which you are held by the friends of Irish landlords, whose helot you have been. For my part, I hope you will speak again.

John Bull.

To the Count of Tepola.

This I understand is your latest alias, Mr. George Karageorgevitch, while you honour these Islands with your charming presence. My latest grievance against you is that you did not let me know you were coming over. I should have been so glad to afford you a suitable welcome.

I hear that you did not take much interest in your visit to the British Museum, but the Tower of London, "by many a foul and midnight murder fed," seems to have appealed more to your hereditary instincts. How is your tutor? Have you been knocking him about again lately? I confess I do not envy your travelling companions, for they must have an anxious time keeping you out of mischief. But Peter must be pleased to be rid of you, even for a little while, and I don't suppose he would pull a very long face if you never returned at all to Belgrade. You must have been surprised that the Lord Mayor did not get up a state reception in your honour at the Mansion House. It was too bad of him! But perhaps you have realised by this time what we in this country think of you and your precious parent.

John Bull.

To John D. Rockefeller, Esq., New York.

My Dear Rock,—How's the oil trade? You have made more money out of rock oil than anybody I know, and yet you have never been able to accumulate enough to buy a hair raiser that suits your particular case. Well, well, one cannot have everything in this world. Some people have plenty of hair and no money, and others have plenty of money and no hair. You happen to be short of hair.

I see you have been telling an interviewer that old, old yarn of yours that the richest men can only eat three meals a day, and that your ambition is achievement. So far as the meal-eating is concerned, my dear Rock, I can instance a few cases where you are a meal or two out, but that is by the way. I supose you mean that everybody is rich who has enough. No doubt you are right, but it doesn't apply to you. If you had thought yourself rich on the three-meals-a-day basis, and nothing over, you wouldn't have continued to pile up millions which you will never be able to realise and never be able to spend. It you went along and demanded to be paid out of rock oil and railways and things, you would have President Roosevelt and the whole American continent down on you, and you would stand a chance of having more than half confiscated by an Act of Congress. There is a limit, take my word for it, even to the spot cash you can get out of the oil trade.

As to your ambition being achievement, that seems O.K. It has been said that it is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. If this is a fact—and in a large number of cases it ought to be—I am bound to inform you, with compliments, that it looks as if you were in for trouble by-and-bye. You can easily buy up most of the front seats on earth; but I present it here and now as a matter for your serious consideration that the almighty dollar and the omnipotent greenback aren't any good as currency elsewhere. All you've achieved up to now is a heap of superfluous dollars, a skin-full of indigestion, and an auburn wig. Now, if you had started out years ago trying to make other people happy by lightening their rough and painful paths in life, it is probable that you would not only have kept your digestion, but kept your hair on. As it is, you'll sooner or later have to leave the oil wells (it would be dangerous to take them with you), and then everybody who knew you will keep your memory green as one of the hardest crab-apples in the world's basket.

John Bull.

To General Picquart, Ministre de la Guerre, Paris.

Mong Seer,—I am glad to hear that the man who spat at you at Rochefort is a lunatic. Of course, you do not disguise from yourself, mong seer, that you have still enemies in Paris, and plenty of them, who would spit on you if they dared. They cannot forget that you were about the only army man of the crowd who came out of that dirty Dreyfus business without being plastered with filth. In the end it was their ruin and your triumph; and now that you are Minister of War, and those of the old gang who remain are under orders to you, you will not delude yourself into the belief that they have ceased their hate because they have bottled their choler. If they could, they would hunt you down to-morrow as they hunted Dreyfus. The slanderers are only silent because they are afraid. But you are a brave man and may mock yourself of them. I salute you.

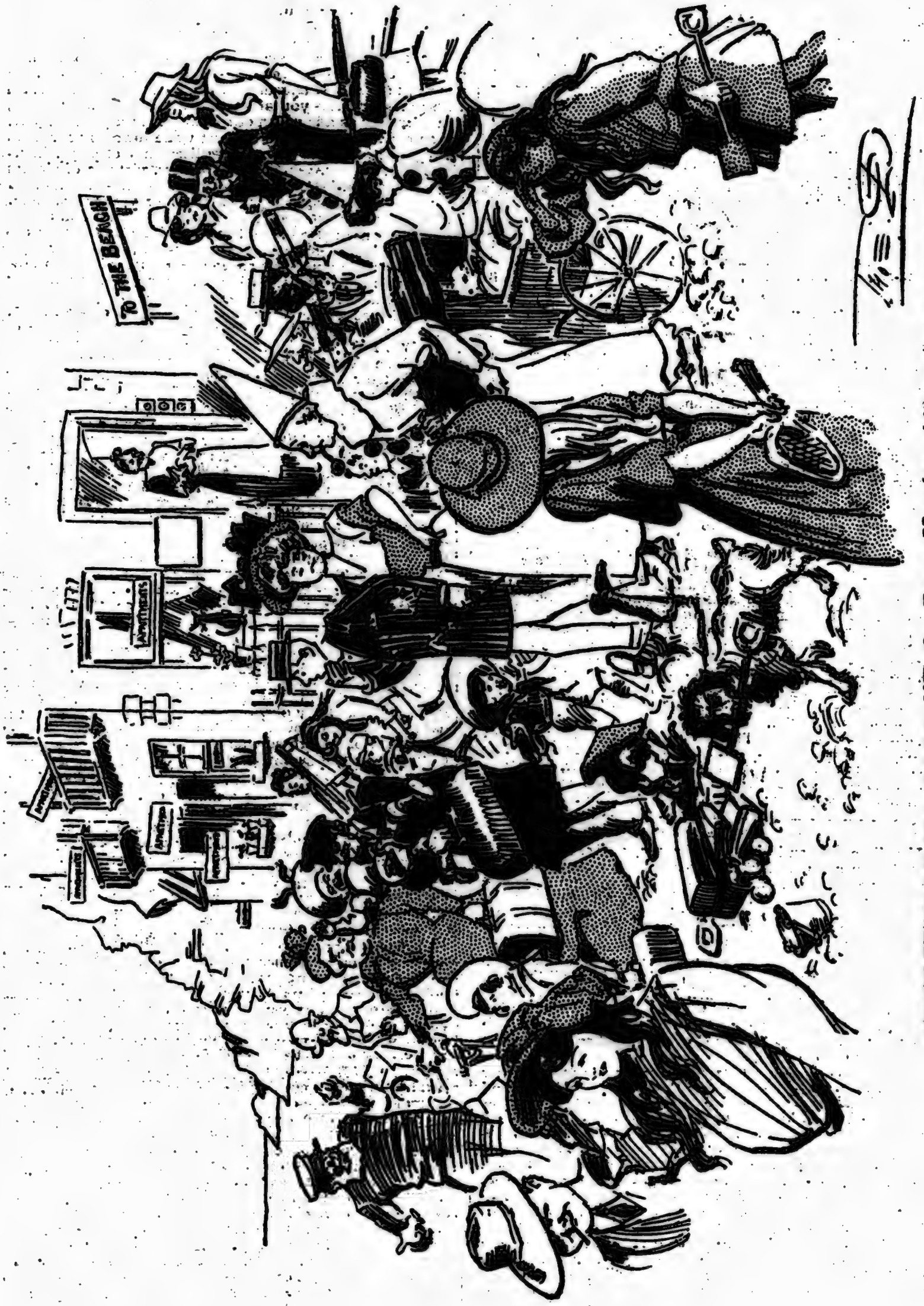
John Bull.

To Sir John French, General Officer Commanding at Aldershot.

Hearty congratulations, dear old Jack, on your appointment as Inspector-General of the Forces. You were one of the few commanding officers who did not dig a grave for his reputation in the Boer war. You went into it practically unknown; you came out of it brilliantly, having made few mistakes, and profited by every one you made. You showed what modern cavalry can do without the limelight on it. You would have had no chance whatever in the old style, and you knew it. But you beat and outwitted the wily Boer by dangerous reconnaissance, by extended patrol, by swift and wide-circling flank movements, and surprise swoops undreamed of in the book of Waterloo and Balaclava.

Not only have you courage, but you have prudence when it is essential, and audacity when it is needed. These great qualities, which you so brilliantly exploited in the hard test of a field unique in the annals of war, lifted you at a bound into the front rank of modern military commanders. With you there has been no winning of promotion through the exertions of aristocratic petticoats. You have won every step of your way by the hardest of hard work in a campaign of exceptional difficulty, and should it happen that this country is called to defend its honour or assert its prestige among the nations, I shall again have the honour of commandeering you for the discharge of still higher service in the cause of the motherland. Meanwhile, take care of yourself.

John Bull.



WINKLETON-ON-SEA PAGEANT—On Every Morning, Afternoon, and Evening!

MUMMER WORSHIP.

By Jim Crow.

Mummer-worship is entirely a modern idea. In the days of Shakespeare, who, if he ever lived, was probably a mummer himself, all play-actors were regarded as on a level with rogues and vagabonds. And as for play-actresses, they simply did not exist. Public opinion would not have tolerated their appearance, and all female parts had to be played by men.

By the time that Dr. Johnson gloried and drank deep, mummers had crept up to the level of Grub Street, and the more successful performers, like the more famous authors, were admitted to the outskirts of society. But they were treated with patronising condescension, and they had to keep their place. Dr. Johnson himself had very strong opinions about them, and he probably reflected the opinion of his contemporaries. I always enjoy his scornful remarks about the idea of treating a mummer with respect: "Now, sir, to talk of *respect* for a *player!* Do you respect a rope-dancer, or a ballad-singer? . . . What, sir, a fellow who claps a hump on his back and a lump on his leg, and cries, '*I am Richard the Third.*'" The same idea was quizzically expressed when he greeted Tom. Davies with the sarcastic remark, "And what art thou to-night?" "Players, sir," he said again, "I look upon them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs." To which Boswell objected, "But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" "Yes, sir," Johnson replied, "as some dogs dance better than others." He even regarded Garrick as little superior to a clever dog, though Garrick was often permitted to enjoy the privilege of his society. Garrick, like the rest, was only "a showman, a fellow who exhibits himself for a shilling," to be admired only as "a poor player, who frets and struts his hour upon the stage."

That is the point to remember about mummers. I don't care much about authors. They generally want to talk about their books, and even sometimes dare to expect you to pretend you have read them. But, at any rate, they may possess the creative faculty, whereas a mummer merely learns another man's writings and mouths them before the footlights. You may ask an author to a meal, if you have liked his book, because he probably has in his brain some more of the webbing with which he has woven. You have reason to hope that he may spin you a yarn. Not so the mummer. He is a mere talking machine or parrot, and you don't want him fretting and strutting while you drink port. The hubbub would probably give you an indigestion. Never was anyone such bad company as a mummer. His only topic of conversation is himself. He is utterly self-centred. His parts, his renderings, his press notices, his looks, his stage properties—these are the beginning and the end of his interests. If any other subject is introduced in his presence, he grows morose and weary at once.

Legs.

Usually a woman is far more human, and courteous, and tactful than a man. But a female mummer runs the male mummer very close. She lays even more stress upon the personal equation than he does. While he takes a certain subsidiary interest in the parts he has played, she is mainly concerned with the parts of her body. He will ask you how he did as Hamlet; she will ask you how she looked as Ophelia. You have only to watch her in general conversation, and you may be certain that she is thinking all the time about her legs. The way to test the veracity of this allegation is to talk at large and then pause. In "ninety-nine cases out of ten" (as I once heard an Irish orator say) she will break the silence by some ingenuous observation about herself or her legs. I use the word legs in a generic sense. Of course, her interest may often centre in her voice, or her hands, or her nose, or anything that is hers. Now, mind you, I am not blaming her for this. It is merely a question of professional training and environment, and it proves that she is more strenuous than her male colleagues. And, after all, her success is more immediately dependent on her good looks. There are people who lose their heads over male mummers, and buy their photographs, and ask them to supper. But it is the exception to send them flowers and diamonds. The manager of a theatre does not increase the salary of a lady-killer.

Johnson once said to Garrick, "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities." There was doubtless a note of sarcasm in this speech, but many modern playgoers are without doubt affected in this way. If they were not, your modern impresario would not prefer form to talent. But, for my part, I utterly fail to see what can be the attractions of a female, who has crushed all her natural instincts, and who lives incessantly in an atmosphere of pretence, who wears an unending disguise of wigs and paints, whose very voice is lost in a whole pianola of falsettos. I should always be yearning to ask her, "Who are you to-day?"

The Ubiquity of the Mummer.

The atmosphere of the stage, like some foul fog, now pervades everywhere. There is no escaping its embrace. If you walk along streets, or travel by train, you are confronted with garish hoardings representing a mummer in pyjamas, or a mummer as a burglar, or a mummer in a patriotic part. If you open a newspaper, you must wade towards your news through criticisms of plays, advertisements of plays, interviews with players, gossip about players, pictures of players in the privacy of their closets. My Lord Northcliffe snapshots Miss Fewclothes feeding her chickens or wiping her nose. Nothing she can do is too trivial to be chronicled and photographed by the noble lord. See her with a broad grin sitting down to open suppositious love-letters; behold her flash her teeth as she pours out coffee and tells his lordship how fond she is of a kipper at breakfast; mark her with her monkey-brand smile when she tells him in a stage whisper that she keeps a cat. Or turn over the pages of the P.O.T. and push your way by proxy into the semi-detached home of Mr. Little Itch, or Sir Roscius Popinjay. All their smallest talk will be dinned into your ears, you will not be spared a detail of their toilet, nor one of their vapid thoughts, nor even their prowess at golf, and spilikins, and ping-pong. The shops are full of picture post-cards revealing the grins and grimaces of mummers. At dances and dinner-tables, you will be catechised about your preferences among these night-birds. At public banquets you will see them in the seats of honour and hear their halting, brainless platitudes. At Royal garden parties you will find them sharing with labour members (their rivals in mummery) the fawning attentions of the vulgar. If you go down to the sea in ships, if you stroll into a night-bar, or peruse the knighthood, they are there also.

The Tyranny of the Mummer.

Indeed, they are now a power in the land. For generations they have devoted their strenuous energies to self-advertisement, and now they have their reward. In fact, they have made money. They no longer pull their forelocks for shillings. They have their motors and their tame stock-brokers, and all the editors cozening them for advertisements. The golden calf is on their side, and we are all expected to worship. Boswell endorsed their claim when he said, "No, no, sir, and as a proof of the merit of great acting, and of the value which mankind set upon it, Garrick has got a hundred thousand pounds." To which the doctor very pertinently replied, "Is getting a hundred thousand pounds a proof of excellence? That has been done by a scoundrel commissary." As a matter of fact, most modern mummers eventually go bankrupt or otherwise perish miserably. But in their fleeting heydays large sums of money pass through their hands. Having no sense of proportion, they regard a lucky week as an infallible precedent. Some one gives them £500 for a special occasion, and they proceed to live at the rate of £26,000 a year. That, however, in a money-grubbing age, does not prevent them from looming very large during the short space of their ascendant stars. They can buy puffs, they can hire pick-plates, they can even negotiate titles and degrees. Then they acquire all the arts and graces of beggars on horseback. I have noticed one amusing phase of their ephemeral greatness. Like revolutionary leaders and other meteoric prophets, they aspire to become tyrants. So they set themselves to dragoon the unfortunate playgoers, on whom they live and batten. Every day we hear of some new form of terrorism which is to be applied to playgoers. Of course, any expression of disapproval by a man who has paid for his seat is tantamount to lèse-majesté. A hisser is the same as a brawler. That is all very well. If we are fools enough to go and be bored in a theatre, we must not interfere with the enjoyment of the greater fools who like being there. So our wives must not wear hats which may interfere with the ardent gaze of the possible idiot who may want to admire a leg. And it is very inconsiderate of us to talk through a dull piece, however superior our conversation may be to the drivel on the stage. And as for coming late, that is anathema. If we come early, or if the mummers are late, we may kick our heels and secure no sympathy. But if we stumble to our seats after the curtain has gone up, we are unpopular persons.

At the present rate of the development of the importance of mummers, it would not surprise me to hear of a party being formed to compel us to go to the theatre every night. I believe that once upon a time it was a penal offence to miss church on Sunday.

THE ORGANIST'S REVENGE.

BY PHIL HEMYNG.

Iris Flitterby had not been a member of St. Anthony's mixed choir more than three weeks before all the male portion of it, with Tom Bellows, the handsome organist, at their head, were madly in love with her.

One evening when they met for practice Bellows slipped a little note into her hand:

"DEAR MISS FLITTERBY,—

"Will you spare me five minutes after practice, as I have something very important to say to you?

"Wait for me in the organ loft, and I will join you directly I have got rid of the Vicar.

"TOM BELLOWS."

When the singing was over, Iris, wondering, like the sweet little innocent she is, what he could possibly want to say to her, made her way round to the front of the organ.

She had scarcely been seated a minute when in popped Charlie Howller, the leading tenor of the choir, and Bellows' bitter enemy.

"I thought I saw you come this way, Miss Flitterby," said he, with an apologetic smile, "so I followed you up as I had something I wanted to ask you."

"Indeed, Mr. Howller," replied Iris artlessly.

"Why the fact is, don't you know, you must have seen—that is, you're such an awfully jolly little girl, don't you know, that—er—oh, hang it all! I'm afraid that you'll think I'm an awful fool, eh what?"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Howller," answered Iris sweetly.

"Well, don't you see, to cut a long story short," blundered on the man, "I wanted to tell you how much I love—— Eh? Listen? By jove, there's the Vicar coming up the stairs, and if he catches me here with you, there'll be the very devil to pay!"

"Can't you hide somewhere?" suggested Iris.

"That's the idea! I'll get inside the organ," and, sliding down by the right-hand side, he opened a little door and slipped in, carefully closing it again after him.

It was not the Vicar, however, but the Rev. Barnabas, the curate, who, after impressively squeezing the girl's small hand, dropped into the seat by her side, and commenced:

"My dearest Miss Flitterby, this is an opportunity for which I have been longing for the past week. How glad I am to find you alone."

"Indeed, Mr. Barnabas," said Iris ingenuously. "Why?"

"Because, my dear sister—er—er—that is to say, my dear Iris—if I may call you so, I want to lay my heart at your feet, and beg you——" A slightly halting footstep on the stairs and a warning cough brought him up with a round turn.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Here is the Vicar coming. What shall I do? What will he think if he finds us together up here? Oh, what can I do?"

"Why not hide in the organ?" advised Iris.

"Of course, of course! the very thing! Thanks, my guardian angel," and the curate crept down the left side of the organ, unfastened a small door, and glided inside.

This time it *was* the Vicar.

"Ah, my dear young lady, I thought I should find you here, the instincts of a loving heart may always be relied on," and dropping into the vacant seat, his arm, as though by accident, slipped round her little waist.

"How sweet is this dim, religious light," he continued, "when two kindred souls are desirous of mingling their thoughts, and I feel sure that I am right in thinking that you return the affection, nay, the passionate love, which—Oh, bother it! Here comes that confounded organist! I sent him on an errand, and thought that I had got rid of him. Bless my soul! What shall I do? It will never do for him to discover us alone here!"

"Couldn't you get into the organ?"

"The very thing," answered the Vicar, and, limping away, he found a refuge at the back, on the bellows.

He had barely stowed himself away when Tom Bellows made his appearance.

"My darling girl," he began, "this is very kind. I hope I haven't kept you waiting, but that silly old Vicar wanted me to do something for him.

He had taken her hands, and was just going to kiss her, when his sharp ear caught the faint sound of a very much suppressed sneeze from the dusty interior of the organ.

Turning round to his keyboard, he set the hydraulic machinery which worked the bellows in motion, pulled out all the stops and commenced playing "Hallelujah."

The result was amazing. The cusswords of the tenor, the prayers of the curate, and the yells of the Vicar, mingled with the grand notes from the organ, produced an effect which it is impossible to describe. Iris no longer belongs to the choir.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

AUSTRALIAN LABOUR.

"The Labour Movement in Australasia: A Study in Social Democracy." By Victor S. Clark. (London: Constable, 1907. Price 6s.)

"Jan Digby." By Ambrose Pratt. (London: Ward, Lock. 1907.)

Several years ago, Mr. Pratt wrote a thrilling account of the "pushes," or secret societies, of the larrikins of Australia, and I always look forward to his work. He has now sobered down somewhat, but his new book is readable throughout, at times almost exciting. It must be read not so much for the story as for the light it throws upon labour at the Antipodes. Mr. Pratt describes the vicissitudes of a strike sympathetically, and pays a high tribute to the fairness and discipline of Australian workmen. To make up our minds about their political sagacity, we must go to Mr. Clark, who, though a Yankee, approaches his task with comparative intelligence.

A REMARKABLE MELODRAMA.

"The Red Sphinx." By Edward Uffington Valentine and S. Eccleston Harper. (London: Unwin, 1907. Price 6s.)

This book is a mixture of cleverness and stupidity. There are dull descriptions of hackneyed scenes. All the resorts of globe-trotters in Paris are trotted out remorselessly, photographically: the Halles, the Latin Quarter, Montmartre, and the Morgue. Even the glorious forest of St. Germains is caricatured in the verbiage of a second-rate guide-book. There are long-winded, soporific dissertations about French classical plays. If I had merely dipped into the book, I should have dismissed it with a few sneers. As it is, I confess with a certain reluctance that it deserves to be read. The strange, composite character of the heroine, at once cold and passionate, morbid and calculating, is alive. It is convincing. It must be partly a portrait. There are swift, sure touches, ingenious effects of light and shade, many harmonious accessories. One of the collaborators is evidently brilliant. The other inclines to crude melodrama. And one of them confuses the consummation of a marriage with the celebration thereof.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT A HONEYMOON.

"Three Weeks." By Elinor Glyn. (London: Duckworth, 1907. Price 6s.).

Mrs. Glyn's reputation for frankness is fully sustained, but I miss the buoyant cynicism which was the salt of her writing. There is too much oil in this salad. The endless rhapsodies of misdirected love are almost a cats' concert, which ends by exasperating. And the hero, Paul Verdayne, is more than exasperating. He was young and "fair and strong," a spoiled prig who, after many compliments on his looks, had come to regard himself as irresistible. He wanted to marry Isabella, the parson's sporting six-foot daughter, who read the sporting papers to him after his fall out hunting. So his doting parents packed him off to Switzerland. At the next table to him was the heroine, a remarkable lady who "ordered dinner for herself beforehand and had special wine and special roses—and special attention, too. . . . Her face was white, startlingly white, like a magnolia bloom, and contained no marked features. No features at all! he said to himself.—Yes—he was wrong, she had certainly a mouth worth looking at again. It was so red." There is a wonderful miniature of her as a frontispiece, with purple hair, green Kalmuk eyes, and the expression of a glorified soubrette. No wonder Paul stared at her. But she appeared to take no notice of him for several days, though he pursued her with the sly infatuation of his years. At last she simply said, "Come, Paul," and the honeymoon began. Forebodings of danger followed. Her old servant solemnly presented him with a revolver, and mysterious spies dogged the happy pair. Suddenly one night at Venice she disappeared, leaving a letter bidding him seek safety at home. He did so after an attack of brain fever. In process of time he learned that she was a queen, and he was invited to visit her on the Mediterranean coast. But her husband, "a certain evil-living King," arrived first and killed her. And now Paul's infant son sits on the throne. It is not much of a story, but is eked out with profuse details of love-making, and will doubtless appeal to such as are curious about these matters. Mrs. Glyn has some distinction of style, but is not very happy in her choice of foreign words. I have marked down the following for exclamation: truite *bleu*, selle d'agneau *au lait*, provocante, sta*hi*, prem*é*, siyatelstvo.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

IN THE CITY.

THE BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSURANCE, LTD.

From time to time we have enquiries asking our opinion as to the position and prospects of this Corporation. We have never been able to say other than that, in our opinion, its business rests upon an unsound foundation, and that as the years go on its difficulties will increase with them. Some months ago the directors saw fit to part company with Mr. Haywood, the founder and, until then, the general manager of the Company. We need not say more upon that point now, more especially as there is pending litigation, than that the severance of Mr. Haywood's connection with the Corporation shows wide and most serious divergence between those hitherto responsible to the public for the management of the Company's affairs. We print below a letter we have received from a large shareholder, who speaks for others as well as himself. His letter goes so exhaustively, and at the same time so temperately, into the affairs of the Company, that for the present we do not think we need do more than put it before our readers, so that those of them who may be interested in the Corporation will have the opportunity of studying it for themselves. The letter is in form addressed to the general manager of the Corporation, and was actually sent to him a few days ago. It has received formal acknowledgment, but, at present, no more :—

Dear Sir,—I observe that on the 1901-2-3-4 the names of the trustees of the Life Assurance and the names of the directors appear on the published directors' and auditors' reports.

On the same document for the year 1905 I observe the trustees' names only appear, the directors' names being omitted therefrom.

On the same documents for the years 1906-7 neither the names of the trustees nor of the directors appear.

May I beg to suggest that a return to the old system of printing the names both of the trustees and of the directors upon these documents in future would be calculated to inspire greater confidence on the part of the policy-holders and of the public generally in the Society.

I shall esteem it a favour if you will be so kind as to let me have the names of the directors, and also of the trustees, for the policy-holders (Life Assurance Fund) as they stand in the books of the Society at the present time.

I observe in the press report of the last (the 15th) annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Association, as appearing in "The Finance Union" of May 25 last, which you were so good as to send to me for my perusal, that it reports the chairman, Mr. A. Terrell, to use the following words :—"The Special Committee worked continuously throughout the year, with the result that a saving of about £8,000 per annum has been effected in the working expenses." Further he says :—"The directors also found that an item of £4,042, which appeared in the balance-sheet as advances to agents against commission, was uncollectable, therefore they took the drastic step of wiping it out as a bad debt."

I find also in the 1907 directors' and auditors' report in the balance-sheet the following entry :—"General manager's commission account in dispute, £4,393." Seeing that, as a policy-holder (two policies=£500), I not only have to contribute annually for expenses as separate from the life premium; seeing also that on the policy appear these words in regard to the *expenses* :—"They are collected and kept distinct from the Life Assurance Fund *as a security and protection to Assurers against undue expenditure*"; and seeing that the annual contribution for expenses payable yearly remains at the original levy of 8s. per £100, may I ask you if you will be so kind as to favour me with the information as to "From what portion of the Association's funds or capital has been or will be found the money to meet the foregoing item of £4,042, and of £4,393 (if the latter amount be paid)?"

I shall be obliged also if you will kindly favour me with the information as to whether the above sum of £8,000 (expenses not again to be incurred) has been met out of the moneys received for the expenses on the foregoing levy of 8s. per £100, and, if not drawn from this fund, will you kindly tell me from what fund it has been drawn? And, further, if this expenses sum of £8,000 is not again to be incurred, into what fund will this £8,000 be in future credited, and is there any probability of the levy for expenses on the policy-holders being reduced *pro rata* to that extent?

On looking through the directors' and auditors' reports, 1901-2-3-4-5-6-7, before referred to, I notice a few entries upon which, with your kind forbearance, I should like to be somewhat better informed, after having as carefully as I am able and concisely drawn your valued attention thereto :—For instance, under the heading "Life Assurance Premiums received during the Year," the reports bear the following figures :—

1900	....	£28,862	1904	....	£24,490
1901	....	29,034	1905	....	25,366
1902	....	26,332	1906	....	24,681
1903	....	24,395			

I find, therefore, that although a levy of 25 per cent. was called upon the policy-holders in the Association in 1906, yet, instead of that year being equal to, or even exceeding, the premiums of previous years, it is, with two exceptions, the lowest premium year paid since 1899, and is £4,181 less than that for the year 1900.

I venture to think you will agree with me that this is a very unhealthy condition.

Can you kindly favour me with the reasons which, as manager of the Association, you can offer for such an alarming decrease in premiums—and which appears to me to indicate a want of confidence on the part of the public in the stability of the Association?

Further, in the same reports during the same periods, I notice a serious decrease in the "Life Assurance Fund Amount at beginning of Year" as follows :—

1900	....	£84,133	1904	....	£67,858
1901	....	90,821	1905	....	59,439
1902	....	82,751	1906	....	53,911
1903	....	74,296			

It therefore appears, from the auditors' and directors' reports as published, that there has been a withdrawal or loss in this fund during the past seven years to the extent of some £30,222. I notice that an entry appears in the reports for 1905-6-7 as follows :—

"Loan from London Joint Stock Bank (secured upon deposit of stocks at cost price) :—

Bradford Corporation	3½%	£1,240
Cardiff	" 3%	5,214
Portsmouth	" 3½%	4,350
		£10,804
Cash advanced for same		7,000
		£3,804

But even supposing that this £10,000 be deducted from the £84,133 in hand in 1890, there is still nearly £20,000 deficiency to be accounted for during the past seven years from our Life Assurance Fund. Can you kindly favour me with your or the directors' explanation as to the cause of this deficiency, and to what account or purpose the deficiency has been placed?

I would also like to ask you what was the reason for the raising of the foregoing loan of £7,000 on £10,800 worth of stock, and what has been done with the money so raised, or to what account has it been placed?

By the raising of this loan you, of course, notice that the Association loses from its funds interest to the amount of nearly £400 per annum. And while on this subject of interest on investments, I notice from the foregoing reports that there has been an annual decrease in the amount of Interest received by the Society—falling from £2,185 in 1900 to £1,263 in 1905, as follows, *vide* reports :—

1900	....	£2,185	1904	....	£1,400
1901	....	2,178	1905	....	1,263
1902	....	1,778	1906	....	2,539
1903	....	1,457			

(The 1906 interest being so large is, I see, because the interest on Italian Rentes, 1896-1905, fell due then.)

This enormous shrinkage of interest on investments necessarily means a great loss to the income and funds of the Society. Can you kindly explain to me whether the directors have adopted any, and if so, what means, to make up this loss?

Adverting to the subject of investments, I notice that the following extracts from the foregoing referred to reports show that the investments have shrunk from £85,309 in 1900 to £40,299 in 1906, or a loss of £45,010 in seven years, as follows :—

1900	....	£85,309	1904	....	54,907
1901	....	74,738	1905	....	49,591
1902	....	63,802	1906	....	40,299
1903	....	59,601			

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Will you be so kind as to let me know the reason for this loss or diminution in our funds, why they diminished to this extent, how and what was done with the money? It has not all been paid away to meet life claims falling due, as is evident from the following extracts from the foregoing reports :—

Year.	Premiums paid.	Interest on Investments.	Total.	Claims paid.	Gain.	Loss.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1900	8,862	2,185	31,047	21,861	9,186	—
1901	29,034	2,128	31,212	37,705	—	6,593
1902	26,332	1,778	28,110	33,818	—	5,708
1903	24,395	1,457	25,852	28,198	—	1,746
1904	24,490	1,400	25,890	30,374	—	3,484
1905	25,336	1,263	26,599	27,509	—	910
1906	24,681	2,539	27,220	30,812	—	3,592
	£183,130	£12,800	£195,930	£208,277	£9,186	£21,533

These figures, while showing an alarming loss of £21,533 in six years, do not make up the deficiency of £45,010 in investment stock. There is therefore a sum of £23,477 to be accounted for. Can you kindly explain this?

But this is not all, for I notice on 1906 report the investments are stated to amount to £40,299; there is a note, "subject to loan as *per contra* £10,804. There would therefore appear to be a loss, not of £21,533, but of £21,533 and of the £10,804—£32,337 during the past six years, or, if the £10,804 can be bought back for the £7,000 advanced thereon, then, of course, the loss is reduced, but merely by the difference between the £10,804 and the £7,000, or, £3,804.

I would also beg leave to draw your attention to another alarming and not satisfactorily explained loss of £6,633 to the Life Assurance funds of the Association as follows :—Loss on realisation of investments: 1901, £526; 1902, £477; 1903, £1,151; 1904, £1,658; 1905, £1,089; 1906, £1,732; total, £6,633.

Admitting for the sake of argument that the Association has had to realise £40,299 (the existing Stock deficiency as per reports from which these figures are extracted), it would mean that they shrunk one-sixth, or three shillings and fourpence per twenty shillings' worth of Stock in realising. This seems almost incredible with such a class of Stock—nearly all *Corporation* Stock. Can you kindly explain how this shrinkage has occurred, and why the Stock realised so badly?

I observe on the 1906 Report that there is an entry, "Amount *due from* Expenses Fund, £15,845, to the credit of the Life Insurance Fund," but on a careful examination of the Report I fail to discover where the actual cash is. Will you be so kind as to favour me with the information as to where this money is—whether banked, and if so, where, and in whose names, and at whose *exclusive* power of withdrawal?

I may add that I do not notice on any of the above referred to Reports the amount of the Association's liability for death claims under the Life Assurance Fund. Is there any reason why these figures should not be inserted in the Report? Seeing that the policy-holders pay 8s. per cent. to the working expenses, may I ask why it is that the working expenses of the Life Assurance Fund do not appear as a separate item on the Directors' Reports?

I notice, however, in the 1906 Report, that while the "policy-holders' contributions to Expenses Fund" amounted to £8,291 there appear on the other side the following entries :—

Legal charges	£288
Sundry Expenses Guarantee Fund ...	590
Do., Tontine...	10
Ordinary Commission	2,047
Commission and new business fees (Industrial)	9,029
Expenses of management, etc.	17,697
Interest on loans, etc.	1,192
	£30,853

Can you kindly tell me how the difference between the £30,853 spent, as against the £8,291 received, is made up—where the money comes from?

This refers only to the 1906 Report, but the same applies to all the previous Reports.

My reason for troubling you on these matters is because I fail to see where the funds to meet the life assurance death claims are to come from if the Society is conducted with the result shown above.

CANADA CONSOLIDATED.

MR. F. S. COLTON'S POSITION.

No explanation has yet been issued publicly by the Canadian Syndicate regarding the use of the names of Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir Frederick Borden, and Mr. H. S. Strathy, in the documents by which investors in this country have been induced to apply for shares in the Canada Consolidated Cobalt Company. Since our disclosure appeared dealings in the shares have been suspended, and the application to the Stock Exchange Committee for a special settlement has been shelved by that body. There can be only one honourable way of settling the matter, viz., by the return of all monies subscribed, and as several reputable people have inadvertently lent their names to the business, we have reason for hoping that this will be insisted upon. A closely-guarded confidential circular has been issued to the shareholders, which virtually admits the truth of our statements, but suggests that the mistake is nominal, and that the Canadian financiers mentioned are actually directors. Our information is quite to the contrary.

Mr. F. S. Colton, the Canadian secretary of the Canada Consolidated, states that the Company has issued no formal prospectus—though one is in course of preparation—nor has it directly made or authorised any offer of shares. The directors, as they appear in the Company's own minute-book, are Sir F. Frankland, Lt.-General Sir J. Bevan Edwards, Mr. F. S. Colton, Mr. R. F. Fonts, and Mr. W. E. Colton. The three latter are temporary directors, and with a view to filling their places, there have been interviews in Canada with Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir Frederick Borden, and Mr. H. S. Strathy, but their proposed election has never been announced or the use of their names authorised. Mr. F. S. Colton figures in the literature of the Canadian Syndicate as its chairman. He heard of his election to this position for the first time when he was informed a fortnight ago of their circulars offering Canada Consolidated shares for sale. He is now on his way to this country to seek explanation from those who are responsible for the premature unloading campaign, which our disclosures have so effectively scotched.

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Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE POSITION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

We have received the following interesting letter from a correspondent, who writes to us from Johannesburg under date 20th July, 1907 :—

In your issue of June 29th, just to hand, I notice an article entitled "The Position on the Rand," in which you bring figures to show the constant advance of the gold industry. The mine-owners make out that the prospect is gloomy, but no unprejudiced person can deny that the industry *per se* was never in such an active and healthy state. But as we residents here know to our cost, the greater the output the greater the distress in town; it makes no difference in our favour that mines keep paying better dividends, for the first and last aim of mine managers is to cut down working expenses. This is often done in the meanest (and most short-sighted) manner, but the main policy seems to be for the mining interest to rub it into the rest of the population that they can do without them, and, in fact, would sooner see them elsewhere.

What divides the country to-day is precisely what divided it before the war; on the one hand the mining interest, which if it cannot have its own way in everything and be a sort of Transvaal "De Beers," sulks, imports Chinese or Italians, or anyone in fact sooner than employ Britishers or patriotic Afrikanders, with the idea of eventually getting the reluctant consent of the country to anything whatever for the sake of peace; on the other hand, are South Africans generally to see their principal national asset monopolised by men who care nothing for them or their country, and who yet want political power as well as riches.

It is the pre-war status over again with this difference: the first party may not get such a backing of public sentiment as before from home (to say nothing of the British Army), while the second party is no longer a cabal of Hollander politicians, but practically all the sensible manhood of the country, tired of a Jew clique of hypocrites who always "shout with the biggest crowd." At the present moment they pose as the original and only exponents of lofty Imperialism and English ideals (we may expect to see them posing as something quite different shortly, but still it is a pose), at present they pose as misunderstood martyrs for the Transvaal's good, and point out that the country is going to the devil as a judgment on it for not putting them in power at the recent elections?

They have the money, and consequently the power, and it is now being used to create an artificial depression. Trade and industries generally are going to the dogs, and when the miners are goaded into a strike, there are hundreds ready to take their places for a mere

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fraction of their pay. No wonder the mines show constantly increasing dividends!

The new workers having less spending power than the old, a certain number of traders must go to the wall, which means fewer white voters, and so the game goes on.

That Solly and Ikey and Mo should have sufficient wealth and power to juggle with the affairs of the Colony, and depress and inflate commerce to gain their own ends, is bad enough, but to hear them prate of Progress, claim Patriotism as a little invention of their own, and recommend it to Britishers, and rant about the "dear old flag" while British workmen are starving, makes one's blood boil.

The mines are doing well and *consequently* this country is in a bad way, because they are worked without any regard to the just claims the Colony has on their owners.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Prudential Insurance Company.—Pontoon (Wolverhampton).—We thank you for your efforts on behalf of John Bull. With regard to the policies, you should place the facts before the head office, and you may mention that you do so upon our advice. We have no doubt your complaint will be inquired into, and the matter put straight.

Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society.—Inquisitive (Durban).—The last quinquennial valuation was made on December 31st, 1904, by Om. Table of Mortality in combination with 3½ per cent. interest. Reversionary bonuses ranged from about 5s. to about 11s. per cent. per annum over the quinquennium. The new business of 1906 is said to have amounted to £1,156,400, as compared with £922,400 in 1905. The funds at the close of the year increased by £70,323 to £2,390,533.

How to Make Money.—A. R. C. (Port Elizabeth).—Do not waste your money in buying books of the kind you name. They are quite worthless.

Three Mining Companies.—9th of June.—There is nothing to be got out of any one of them.

Lombard Deposit Bank, Limited.—S. R. P.—We have no information respecting this concern.

The Allan Line.—J. C. McR. (Edinburgh).—We are obliged to you for your letter with its enclosures, which shall have our attention.

Beaufort Motors.—E. C. (Rochdale).—We agree with all you say, but we fear we can add nothing to your information.

Farrow's Bank, Limited.—Goldstone Villas (Mortlake).—You may do so without apprehension.

John Wolfe (trading as J. Woolley), 103, Regent Street, London, W., Moneylender.—We advise readers to have no dealings with this firm.

Carter's Deep Leads.—N. T. (London).—Important developments are pending.

Provident Association of London.—Mr. Thomas R. Wakefield, of 70, Haven Lane, Ealing, asks us to say that if any reader has a Provident or other Building Society certificate for £300 to dispose of at a reasonable rate, Mr. Wakefield would be glad to have full details.

National Share Exchange.—D. W. (Upper Parkstone).—(1) We do not know in what sense you apply the words "all right." (2) The institution in question is young. We see no advantage in going to it for the purposes of a trading account.

Premium Bonds.—Banstead (Leeds).—There is, of course, the possibility of your winning a prize, but the chances against it are heavy. You should not buy from the people you name, but from respectable foreign bankers, who will purchase for you at the current market rates. P. H. (Manchester).—(1) Yes, evidence has been taken on the subject. (2) The price of City of Paris (1865) Bonds is, as we write, about £31 7s. 6d. The nominal value of the Bond is, as you no doubt know, 500 francs; the rate of interest 4 per cent., payable in February and August, and the date of drawings the 15th March, June, September, and December. R. L. R. (Abergarn).—We have frequently advised readers not to buy these Bonds, but if they *still* buy them they should not go to persons like the firm you name, which charge about 30 per cent. above market value, but to the Credit Lyonnais, or some similar respectable institution.

Tottenham Assessment and the London and North-Western and Midland Railway Company.—H. J. H. (Tottenham). We have your statement, which shall have our attention as soon as possible.

British Coalite.—"Green" (Lynn).—You are liable for the calls, and forfeiture would not relieve you. We advise you to close the transaction.

Trustworthy Firm.—B. R. B. (York).—No.

Position of Bank.—Reader of "John Bull" (Ashford).—Comparison with the Birkbeck Bank, one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, would be absurd.

Provident Association of Warehousemen, Travellers, and Clerks.—G. R. H. (Peckham).—Yes, "it is a sound and desirable concern to be associated with."

Payment of Premium.—We could not answer your question without seeing the contract under which you consented to act. Send us a copy.

Liability for Income Tax.—F. N. (Clapham).—You can claim the rebate, and, of course, relief so far as £160 goes. Don't worry yourself until you get the form, which will come soon enough.

Two Insurance Companies.—Nonex (Rowlands Castle).—Both are first-class companies. The Phœnix transacts fire business only, and is one of the most important in the country in this department of insurance. The Commercial Union, which took over the Hand in Hand Fire and Life Insurance in 1905, transacts both fire, marine, life, accident, and leasehold insurance, and would be the company for your purpose.

Safe Deposit.—Woodside (Woodford).—You say you want to deposit £100, and suggest three institutions, all of which promise high interest. Our advice to you is to leave the money in the Post Office Savings Bank, or, if you want a small current account, to go to the Birkbeck Bank.

Purchase of Consols.—B. H. K. (Harbury).—If you want Consols, you are hardly likely to get a more favourable opportunity than the present to buy them. They may, indeed, and quite possibly will, go down to 80, but in all likelihood before the year is out they will be above their present quotation. We, however, see no advantage in buying Consols. There are plenty of other securities giving a better return, with practically the same security.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

One of the pleasantest trips that can be taken in this holiday season by the weary Londoner is to the Isle of Man, and by means of the excellent, we had almost said perfect, railway and steamboat system provided by the Midland Railway Co. A corridor train takes the passenger quickly, and most conveniently, to pretty little Heysham, where he goes on board one of the company's steamers engaged in the Heysham and Douglas service. These boats are specially built for the service between Heysham and Douglas, have a speed of 23 knots, and can carry 1,600 passengers. There are three complete decks, the main, upper and promenade, whilst above the latter there is a shade deck. The vessels are fitted with the latest improvements and equipments to be found in this type of pleasure steamer, and are as safe as they are quick. The Midland Company do the round journey for a very moderate charge, and it would be difficult to name, taking it all in all, a more enjoyable outing.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Mr. Frederick W. Thomas, of 138, Fort Road, Upper Grange Road, S.E., writes to us as follows:—

With reference to your letter in this week's issue dealing with imprisonment for debt, you seem to have taken a very one-sided view of the matter.

There are many small traders who make all their property over to their wives, or some other convenient relative, with the sole object of securing themselves against an execution by a much-tried creditor, and who boast that they never pay their debts, unless forced to by fear of committal.

They are indebted to many wholesale firms, but for small amounts, and therefore the big firm cannot afford to spend the time and money necessary to go through the details of the County Court, perhaps to find that, after spending more than the original debt in costs, the debtor has no property in his own name, and an execution cannot be levied.

The only course then left is to issue a judgment summons, and apply for a committal order, and if that is to be taken away, then it will become absolutely impossible to collect debts through the County Court when dealing with these "legal rogues," who are fully acquainted with every branch of County Court practice.

The usual method these people employ is to make a deed of gift generally in favour of the wife, and then when a creditor issues an execution, there are no goods to distrain on, although the debtor gave orders for the goods, and gave the creditor to understand that the business is his. If a judgment summons should be issued, the plaintiff has to prove that the defendant has means, and can pay, before a committal order will be made. The defendant generally pleads that he only manages the business for his wife, and only gets a bare living, and very often succeeds in getting the case dismissed. Well, in the case of these people, what is to be done if the Act of 1869 is repealed? There will be no means of forcing them to pay their just debts, as our County Court system at present is inadequate to properly deal with this roguery, and if committal is done away with the County Court will be a still greater farce. The only thing that wholesalers could do would be to stop credit altogether, and insist on cash transactions, and as it is impossible to find out the black sheep when opening accounts, the good and bad would suffer alike. No doubt, in the case of money-lenders and tallymen, commitment is often unjustly used to screw down the unlucky victims of these sharks, but a discriminating judge should be able to ensure that an order is not made when the defendant has no means, and is literally crushed right down. In any case, as an additional fee has to be paid to issue the warrant, and a man cannot be imprisoned twice for the same debt, and when the debtor goes to prison the plaintiff generally loses his debt and costs, a warrant is only issued as a last resort, and unless something is done to replace commitment and do away with this roguery, done behind the law, I do not see how any good will be done by abolishing committal.

And Mr. F. R. Lewis, of 61, Alexandra Road, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool, writes us as below:—

It would be interesting to know what mode of procedure Mr. Collinson would advise should imprisonment for debt be abolished.

Has he ever been in trade?

If so, I think he might have some pity for the tradespeople.

There is a class of debtor who is no better than a thief, and who obtains goods on credit which he has not the slightest intention of paying for. County Court judgments have no terrors for him—they come in useful for wallpapers.

Everything get-at-able is settled on the wife, and every move is made with the idea of wearing out the creditor's patience until the account is written off as bad.

The debtor pleads poverty, and it remains with the plaintiff to prove means to pay, otherwise no judge will give an order for imprisonment.

When the order is obtained, it is wonderful how these penniless scamps find the money to keep them from prison.

No doubt the act is taken advantage of by money-lenders, but if only shopkeepers did the same and pressed everyone who could pay to the bitter end, there would be fewer bankrupts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Purchase of Land ("Bullite," Horbury).—You are liable to pay the solicitors' costs. You will probably find a clause to this effect in the deed, but even if you find none the costs are payable according to a well established custom.

Barbed Wire on Highway (W. V. J., Finsbury Park).—Under the Barbed Wire Act, 1893, it is unlawful to so place barbed wire. Your proper course is to notify the matter to the local council, and request them to take action to get the wire removed.

Purchase of Land (O. W., Gorseinon).—Your right to build on the land you have purchased will depend on the covenants in your deed. If the agent is not entitled to more than a guinea for consent to building, you should refuse to pay more and proceed with your building.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That it was a civil war in Belfast.
That the *Tribune* is "giving itself away."
That Oxford requires no higher education.
That the Post Office disapproves of the "Limerick" craze.
That the Lords are not "grousing."
That the French troops will make a good bag "on the Moors."
That the Bishops are all supporting the Criminal Appeal Bill.
That Esperanto is only an advertisement for its inventor.
That the Evicted Tenants' Bill will be thrown out.

Last week a man spat in the face of General Picquart, the French Minister of War. A difficult insult to swallow.

"Labour M.P.s' Combinations," says a *Tribune* heading. What next?

At Lewisham the wife of a stone-mason has given birth to triplets—all girls. Miss-fortunes never come singly.

Wandsworth Gaol is stated to be so full that there is no room for more prisoners. They will have to Clapham elsewhere.

Professor Milne theorises that our weather comes from the interior of the earth. Lately it has appeared to emanate from the lower regions.

At West London a father has been fined 15s. and costs for whipping his child for playing truant. If the child stays away from school he is also fined. No wonder the birth-rate is falling.

CONDENSED CRITICISMS:—
"The Pocket Miss Hercules."—A compact but powerful play. Caste strong and well picked. The heavy part of dumb belle excellently sustained. Drop scenes good.
"Brewster's Millions."—A Beerage play, in which the hero offers a stout and bitter resistance to the Bass designs of the villain. Bung-full of good hoppertunities.
"The Earl of Pawtucket."—We are not told why "Paw" took it, but possibly because he was the Early bird, and would take anything.
"The Eighteenth Century."—Rather out of date, but a good "average" play, and should run well. The dialogue full of good hits, some over the boundary, and the ball is kept rolling all the time.
"The Midnight Wedding."—A knotty problem play, in which the best man gets the worst of it. Has a real ring in it, but needs some alteration, though the "lines" are good.
"Charlie, the Sport."—Might have been better, though the book is not badly made. The hero takes a good many chances, but the bridle scene pulls him through. The author evidently knows the ropes.
"A Night Out."—A dark play, somewhat overcast. A few more stars would be an improvement. The principal character met with a warm reception.
"When Knights were Bold."—Should have been called "Checkmate." The capture of the queen, necessitating the pawning of a castle by the king, forms the plot. Quite a moving play.

A Brooklyn millionaire has sent his valet to school to learn shorthand. He wants to dictate to him. Anything for novelty.

A Willesden man had his wife rated instead of himself, and allowed her to go to prison. He evidently believes that "time" is money.

Professor Beers, of Yale University, says the English drama has been dead for two hundred years. No wonder we get such rotten plays.

Eleven "Maple Blossoms" from Toronto have seen London in a day. A syruptitious peep.

Professor Bottomley has discovered that the microbe is not so black as he is painted. Our editor says the same of our microbe, Jim Crow.

According to the British Association, the British head is getting larger every year. What about the ears?

Two Blackburn guardians failed to perform the stone-breaking task. They found it heart-breaking.

"I am astonished what Hoxton heads will stand without cracking," said Mr. Cluer at Old Street Police Court recently. They must be very thick.

"Is Marriage too Expensive?" asks a contemporary. Certainly the "exes." make one pensive.

Sir William Ramsay has used radium to change copper into lithium. On the morning after the discovery Jim Crow called to ask him to turn his coppers into gold. The eminent scientist without the aid at once turned Crow into the street.

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" 6 " " " 6 "
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A man charged at Westminster with fraud was refused bail because he said, "If I get out I'll run like a hare." He wanted leg-bail.

It has been discovered that laziness is caused by a germ. If this is so, the lazy microbe must be the busiest.

Recently a speaker expressed his wonder that "doctors had not discovered the value of digging." Why! they have been responsible for more digging than any other set of people.

Mr. R. G. Knowles has agreed to deliver six Sunday evening lectures at a New York Church in October. There's a picture for you!

Daisy Doyle, aged twelve, at an inquest recently, said she did not know what would happen if she told a lie, nor where she would go to. Wise Daisy.

Lord Wemyss writes most alarmingly of "the spectre of Socialism stalking abroad." As he is said to have 11,500 acres in Lothian, 41,000 in Selkirk, 4,700 in Gloucestershire, 3,000 in Perthshire, and 1,200 in Berwickshire, that spectre will get pretty tired by the time it has stalked over this little lot.

A recent advertisement:—"Haymarket. 'My Wife.' To-night at 9, preceded at 8.30 by 'Charlie, the Sport.'" What *will* Mrs. Grundy say?

We admit that our National Anthem is idiotic, but we draw the line at the Esperanto version. Try this after dinner:—"Gardu la regou Di', Tre lange regu li, Lau nia preg'!"

Two wills recently proved:—Rev. T. Clark, Weston-super-Mare, £40,168; Rev. J. Crofts, Eastbourne, £32,250. Where is that camel? It gives us the needle.

The Sunday paper that discovered a crack in London Bridge 3ft. *wide* is owned by very wide people.

The picture of the Kaiser reading the lessons, offering up prayer, and preaching a sermon, whilst the Czar listened "with devout attention" is delightful. Was there a collection, and were prayers offered for those "at sea"?

An American scientist informs us that we think with our toes. We wonder whether the future phrenologist will want to feel our corns.

We hardly know which to admire most, the Belgian youths who stole two cannons weighing about two tons each from the Antwerp forts, or the pawnbroker who took them in pledge. The joke is, they call it "petty larceny."

A correspondent calls attention to a street sign in Chester, which reads as follows:—Love Street—Leading to St. John's Church and the River Dee.

Mr. John Galsworthy's new play, to be produced at the Savoy one evening in September, is called "Joy." But it should be at a matinée, for "Joy cometh in the morning."

"'C.-B.'s' Holiday Pastime: Rigging up a Guillotine in the Commons," says one of the papers. The picture of "A. J. B." as Sidney Carton mounting the steps moves us to tears. But perhaps it's the only way.

"Why is 'ter' like the title of a Dickens novel?" Because it's "The Tail of Two Cities"—Manchester and Chichester.

The latest suggestion is that children should have their toys sterilised on account of microbes, bacilli, and so on. Quite so—a large proportion of them are germ'uns.

We read that "after dining at the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, the King left, and the Prince of Wales, who preceded him, assisted him into the steam pinnace." Sad news for teetotallers.

Dr. Macnamara says he has lured hundreds of men on to the links; and they have arisen and called him blessed. Golf language is evidently improving.

"Galatea," the living statue, has been sued in respect of a beaver coat and muff. As Vesta Victoria would say, "It's all right in the summer time."

The young lady who got married one day and applied for a separation the next on the ground of incompatibility is very smart. It takes most girls at least a week to find that out.

A Balham newspaper inserts the following apology:—"Readers who last week saw that one of the week's brides was, among other things, presented with 'a dainty boy,' will kindly correct their copies of the paper, as it should have read 'a dainty bag.'" We have corrected our copy by leaving a blank.

The Standard Oil Company has just been fined £5,848,000! Mrs. R. said recently she could not afford oysters; but will it even run to sprats now?

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

E. J. (Bristol).—*The Boot Trades' Journal, The Shoe and Leather Record, The Shoe and Leather Trader, Footwear, Meat Trades' Journal. The Chemical News* and *Chemist and Druggist* might also be of interest to you.

L. B. (Leatherhead).—We agree that it is not worth while following up the Premium Tea swindlers.

A. T. I. (London).—No biscuits for obvious misprints. Thanks all the same.

E. E. C. (Leyton) thinks we are suffering from swelled head. We will ask our hatter.

"PETHNACUTE" (Twickenham) and R. M. (Portobello).—Sorry we cannot alter our opinion of O'Brien. What we have said we *have* said.

C. O. F. (Camberwell).—Thanks for calling our attention to the slip.

J. A. (Liverpool) and J. W. (London, N.).—Thanks for cutting. We have dealt with the matter editorially.

THE EDITOR of *On the Road* writes correcting our statement that commercial travellers have not an organ of their own. He tells us that his paper has been established for a quarter of a century, and is published "purely in the interests of commercial travellers and their institutions." We are glad to hear it.

"TABLES" (Highgate).—We advise you not to spend money upon the patent—unless it is something of very general interest. Don't despair of getting a winning number. We are pleased to see claims coming in more freely.

F. B. (Herne Hill) writes that if we can give "as good an account of ourselves at the Judgment Seat of Jesus Christ as most of the people we write about, it will be well for us." How does F. B. know?

H. A. S. (Southend).—We are not aware that we have "run down foreign lotteries." We have simply objected to the extortionate charges made by certain disreputable firms for the tickets. Hope *you* will get one of our fivers shortly—remember that "To him that 'H.A.S.' shall be given."

"BRITISHER" (Walthamstow).—We are obliged for interesting cutting, with which we will deal editorially in due course.

"A READER" (Colwyn Bay).—Thanks for interesting group. How well JOHN BULL comes out! By the way, what do you think of our big posters?

M. O. D. (Stoke Newington) wishes to have a list of all the motor cab companies' offices and garages in London. We shall be taking a fortnight's holiday shortly, and will devote our time to looking the matter up.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MOTOR AND CYCLE COMPANY, 31, Newgate Street, write controverting "J. M." (Brixton). They state that any of their assistants would, upon application, have given him a catalogue containing the guarantee in question. They invite him to apply for one now.

F. G. J. (Leeds).—We are glad you appreciate the attitude we have adopted towards O'Brien.

H. M. (Brixton).—Do not be alarmed at the tactics of the "Institute W. Schimmelpfeng," of 137, Cheapside.

H. V. L. (Stockwell).—Thanks for cutting from the *Telegraph*—but we are a family paper.

THE REV. S. R. CAMBIE, Vicar of Felixstowe, informs us that he has received the following abusive scrawl:—

> "revnd cambie your praise of john bull after his vile atack on mr. carlile is beestly more chrishen of you to stand up for jesus than this trash.
>
> "A MEMBER OF CHURCH ARMY AND SAVED BY GRACE."

Mr. Cambie adds, and we agree with him, that this new convert has a deal to learn in the way of manners, which should make the Christian as well as the Man.

F. O. S. (Shepherd's Bush).—You could only prevent other people from using the title if you could show that they were endeavouring to pass off their institution as being the same as your own.

H. C. L. (Kentish Town) tells us that Mr. Jefferson, of Leytonstone and Woolwich, uses electricity when extracting teeth, but suggests that a less painful method would be for Jim Crow to punch them out.

"YADNUM" (Fordingbridge).—We are not coal experts, and cannot express any opinion as to the merits of Coalite smokeless coke. We hope, however, for the sake of the staff of JOHN BULL, that some such preparation exists in the lower regions.

W. D. (London).—Thanks for capital biscuit.

S. J. P. (Kensington) sends us a newspaper cutting to the effect that the police do not propose to proceed against Mr. Falcke, the young man who was recently shot in a cab when in company with an actress, being satisfied that the affair was "an unfortunate accident." S. J. P. wonders whether the police would have been so easily convinced if Mr. Falcke had been a poor man. What a terrible insinuation!

"ENGY" (Surbiton).—Glad you agree with our contributor in his appreciation of Mr. Justice Bigham, and we note that the judge *did* invoke the Lord's mercy upon the soul of the late Mr. Brinkley. Let us hope he got it.

E. H. H. (Hackney Wick).—We agree that a grave injustice is frequently done to persons who have been fined for the breach of the railway companies' bye-laws by the advertising of their names. When a man has suffered his legal punishment he ought not to be subjected to petty persecution of this kind.

Drink and Enjoy

LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS. GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

BUY FROM THE GROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON, Ltd.,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

J. J. (Walthamstow).—! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

B. A. H. (Canonbury) sends us the cover of his copy of June 29th, and points out that it is only one figure above the winning number. We have ourselves often been beaten by a short head, and know what the feeling is.

"Traveller" (London).—We already have a large staff of special representatives engaged in the way you indicate.

"A Mother of Two" (Charlton) calls our attention to the Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories on "half-timers," which shows an increase of 29,000 in one year. This she considers a disgrace to the country, and says that "the very reading of the report makes a mother's heart ache." We dealt with the matter last week.

"Engineer" (Manchester), referring to our recent par about young girls and label sticking, says that, whilst resident at Paisley, he visited Cotton Works, where reels of thread are supplied to girls in boxes (with a false top and bottom) each containing a gross, and that the girls remove the top of the box, place a pile of labels on their tongues, and "by means of the tongue feed moist labels out, take them alternately in the right and left hand, thump them down, replace the lid, turn the box over and repeat the operation—for which they are paid a half-penny a gross." The result, he says, is false teeth, due to the effect of the gum rotting.

J. C. (Toronto) says Canada is going to be the largest diamond country in the world, and he promises to let us into the deal. O, make haste.

Father E. S. writes from a presbytery to say that he takes us in religiously. We thank him for his compliments, and hope no one will take him in, religiously or otherwise.

L. J. M. (Treorchy).—Thanks for wet Welsh whisky post-cards, with your portrait as an elder of the kirk. Two with you. We will *not* be left out in the (whisky) cold.

J. C. (Fulham).—Condolences are cheap. Never hit a man when he is down—unless you think he may rise again.

Jac. (Manchester).—Jests about "toupé" and "to pay" should be sent to Tay-Pay.

B. P. (Limehouse), "Jack Bullock" (Wandsworth).—Certainly, we will open another tin.

W. L. M. (Paris).—Tant pis.

M. D. (Dublin).—You make out a very strong case against *London Opinion*, but we cannot interfere.

E. V. (Leith).—Sorry we cannot discuss the "Limerick" question with you. What we have said, we have said.

S. H. L. (Cardiff).—Thanks for flattering postcard. Glad you approve of our attitude on public questions.

A. J. B. (Dundee), in reply to an advertisement in the *Catholic Weekly*, sent a shilling three or four weeks ago to "Satino, Ltd.," Church Row, Aldgate, in return for which he says he was supposed to receive a weekly paper posted for twelve months and a coupon valued 9s. 8d., but that all that has come to hand up to the present is half a packet of carbon photo paper. Poor chap!

R. T. P. (Llysfaen) asks what routine has a man to go through to become a quarry inspector? His best course is to write to the Home Office, Whitehall, and ask for any information that they can give.

"Frank" (Birmingham).—Sorry your experience of Craven-Burleigh hair treatment is not satisfactory. We have returned your papers.

A. H. N. (Birkenhead) found two covers on his copy of August 10th, and is naturally somewhat mystified. Evidently our printers wished to give him a double chance of a winning number—or else it was their solicitude for the contents of the issue, on account of the sudden return of cold weather on that date.

A. S. (London) suggests that we should award "General" Booth a biscuit for wiring to the widow of the late "Commissioner" Higgins, "May God comfort your heart and raise up another noble soul to fill his place." We do not, however, like indulging in chaff under such circumstances.

M. F. H. (Dublin).—Thanks for biscuit ingredients.

J. K. (London) wants Mrs. Bull to recommend her to a dressmaker. This, however, is against our rules.

J. C. W. (Cape Town) and C. S. (Cape Town) send us an extract from the *Cape Argus*, reproducing our recent par about the scandal of babies being brought into the world in a state of nudity. We are glad to see that the morals of the Cape are being taken in hand.

R. R. G. (London).—You appear to have been badly treated by the other heirs. We hope the horse will get beaten.

T. G. R. (Glasgow).—Thanks for interesting letter. You have an incisive style, but your window show idea is not original. Have you ever heard of Pepper's Ghost?

B. L. W. K.—You do not give us your name and address, and the matter is too serious to be dealt with upon anonymous authority.

W. W. (Wanstead).—We agree that the advertisement is one which should not have appeared in such a paper as that you mention.

"Assistant" (Bradford).—We will follow the matter up, and endeavour to ascertain what is being done about your application. There are, however, many candidates for these posts.

J. S. (Walthamstow).—Have nothing to do with the "Co-operative Sport System."

W. H. L. (Chingford).—Ha!

"Banderillero" (Newcastle).—Let us see a specimen of your work, and we will do our best to encourage you.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

"JOHN BULL" AND THE SERVIAN TOBACCO MONOPOLY.

Messrs. Taylor, Rowley, Lewis and Davis, of 34 and 36, Gresham Street, E.C., have written on behalf of the Servian Tobacco Monopoly to complain of our remarks about Servian cigarettes in our issue of June 8. We stated that a friend of ours used to import excellent Servian cigarettes for 32 dinars 50 paras (or 25s.) a thousand, whereas he had now been charged 10s. a hundred at the Balkan Exhibition for an inferior article, which tasted like hay.

Messrs. Taylor say that the 10s. a hundred cigarettes belong to the "Royal" brand, and were not obtainable by the general public before the opening of the Balkan Exhibition, being reserved for the "Royal Household." We are sure they are quite good enough for Monsieur Peter Karageorgevitch and his servants, many of whom are regicides.

Messrs. Taylor and Co. proceed: "We are instructed that these cigarettes are made from the very choicest tobacco *produced in Servia*. The Monopoly still make and sell cigarettes at 25s. per thousand, but a person qualified to express an opinion could not mistake the two brands."

Now, we have a price-list of the Uprava Drzaynih Monopola issued before the Belgrade murders. Here we find that Servian cigarettes were of two classes and several qualities. The two classes were (a) those made of Turkish tobacco, and (b) those made of Servian tobacco, which were inferior and cheaper. It is therefore interesting to note that Messrs. Taylor admit the 10s. a hundred cigarettes to be of the inferior Servian-grown tobacco, and that they tell us, almost with contempt, that cigarettes are still sold at 25s. a thousand, the implication being that these neither are nor were fit to be smoked by a fastidious person, or even by Peter Karageorgevitch's servants.

We therefore quote the prices from the official list, giving only the first quality of the first class:—

Tsigarete a. Turske	Tsena od 1000 Komada din.	pr.
Spetsij. ¼ gr.	45	—
,, ½ ,,	55	—
,, 1 ,,	65	—
,, 1½ ,,	90	—
,, 1⅝ ,,	100	—

As a discount of 50 per cent. was allowed to exporters, it will be seen that 1,000 of the very best cigarettes, weighing 1 gramme each, were sold for half of 65 dinars, that is, roughly, 25s. They were very good indeed, and we readily admit that they could not be mistaken for the inferior article now sold at 10s. a hundred.

The Servian Tobacco Monopoly "next complain of the sentence, 'Evidently regicide morals have crept into the tobacco factory at Belgrade,' particularly in its association with the word 'hay' immediately preceding."

Well, what are "regicide morals"? They have consisted in getting rid of a good article and substituting an inferior one in its place. We merely suggested that the same procedure had been followed in the case of cigarettes as in the case of kings. We did not suggest that the cigarettes were made of hay, only that they tasted like hay. To this statement we adhere.

Messrs. Taylor and Co., after threatening us with an action for libel, proceed to cajole us. They accuse us of "a false and unjustifiable allegation," but their clients "have no desire to take too serious a view of the matter," provided always that we contradict ourselves "in a generous and proper spirit." We do not know what the regicide view of generosity and propriety may be, but we owe a duty to our readers, and, like George Washington, we "cannot tell a lie."

Finally, the Monopoly offer us "an opportunity to satisfy ourselves as to the purity and high quality of the tobacco." This offer we beg to decline.

"COLD PUNCH."

Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Ltd., write correcting the inference which they think could be drawn from Jim Crow's recent article under this heading, to the effect that Lord Northcliffe or Messrs. Harmsworth are in any way connected with the proprietary of *Punch*. There was a time, not long ago,, when few people would have desired to correct such an impression—*sic transit, etc.*

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

It may mean Five Pounds for you this week.

See page 1.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

Inexplicable.
As usual, there was not a single racing picture in the Royal Academy. Where are our sporting R.A.'s?

Caused by Weak Markets.
At nearly all Midland meetings it is s.p. business with owners universally.

The Twentieth Century.
Truly we live in an age of humbug and too much short-sightedness.

Arm Work.
Some jockeys finish more as if they were "conducting the band."

Ask Yourself.
How many of us do better when betting at home than on a racecourse?

More Sloans Needed.
Owners are complaining now that the trouble is "to get a jockey."

Speaking Through our Pockets.
During running how we all shout what we WANT to win, not what is actually the case.

Count Them!
How many owners are anxious to win "for the sake of the public"?

Trainers say it.
After horses are broken down they generally develop a different action.

"Dig" Together.
Maher, McCall, and Lyne share the same residence—Lincoln Lodge, Newmarket.

The Polar Star Type.
Horses with a lot of white about them—especially bays—rarely last long on the turf.

The West End Manners.
No one is more particular at being carefully gloved than the fashionable jockey.

The Public "Twig" It.
It is not much good running a bye with a horse that is not a fancied candidate.

Such as Folkestone.
Some people don't go to distant meetings, declaring they don't "speak the language."

The Flower-girl Type.
How repeatedly do horses only win when there is a big element of doubt, even in the minds of their own connections.

Realise it.
How many thousands of people depend for genuine work upon the prosperity of horse-racing, and how much thought do those who will interfere give to such a fact?

The Truly "Paying" Public.
Tattersall's and the smaller rings are really the criterions of good attendances as far as the executives go, for the members' money they have got, whether they turn up or not.

What Says our New Law?
A recent action in France decided that jockeys are not labourers, and that owners are not responsible for any accidents occurring to them when riding their horses in races.

A Way we have.
Isn't it curious how people will hang round the weighing room on race-courses—especially after an objection. Is it believed to be a veritable general distributing fountain of knowledge?

The Race-goer's Strongest Commodity.
What hopes are centred in cheap two-year-olds—now picked up by little men at a mere song—with regard to their future—especially if they are put by for the long-distance jumping.

Watford's Owner.
Edwin Couch, the trainer, has adopted a scarlet and broad white cross front and back that used to be carried by another colonial, Mr. H. C. White, whose Georgio won the Cambridgeshire, and Skopos the Liverpool Cup.

Folkestone's Weak Market.
When there is little betting at a meeting, as at Folkestone, invariably favourites win. It is really worse for the bookies present, as it invariably means they only lay one horse every time.

The A[illegible]'s "Class."
Just now [illegible]rses in a paddock led or ridden by uncommonly smart [illegible]ton-collared little boys who are the trainer's sons home from school, and who look upon going to a meeting with a horse as a treat.

Tactician's Trainer
First rode steeplechasing in 1885, and has won over every course in Ireland, being particularly lucky in picking up famous hunt cups at Kildare, Punchestown, etc.

No Free Trade.
It is really a pleasure that the Windsor executive have at last made regulations regarding their cab fares, while permits should only be granted to local drivers. The cabman's life—what with motors, etc.—is by no means a happy one, so that those living in a place have *every* right to protection and encouragement, and not to have their business on big days usurped by pirate interlopers.

Not Machines.
Horses cannot keep on running, maintaining their form, or winning races, of which we had the strongest evidence last week in the cases of Cyllaros and Woolley, whose Windsor running was stones behind their Kempton form of two days earlier. Then, on Friday, at Windsor, both Strettington and Solano ran well—second—but the gallop and the hiding had taken it all out of them, and neither—although backed the following afternoon—could stretch themselves. A hard race is bound to tell on horses, however well they seem to look—or have "eaten up"—trainers' invariable criterion.

The Law Aids the Wrong 'Un.
How remarkable it is that our laws made by the State or by the turf authorities all go towards creating and fostering the swindler. Tattersall's committee, by their twelve o'clock rule and various other enactments, exclude the hearing of ninety-nine per cent. of the disputes and complaints, so that you really never can warn off a swindling s.p. merchant. Then came the Betting Bill, which drove little backers from dealing with straightforward solvent "street" men—who were *bound* to pay—into wiring with wrong 'uns, who immediately multiplied enormously as s.p. commission agents. The latest was the "fifteen minute all-right rule," whereby a man now needs no capital whatever to stand up and bet with, but, further, runs no risk in starting betting on the course without a fraction in money, and the faintest intention of paying. In any case, he has his clients' money from the first race until the second, and so on throughout the card, so that it gives the welsher—who has grown up suddenly in countless numbers—a safeguard against being found out, and an absolutely glorious opportunity of "twisting" everybody over two races. Formerly, if he didn't pay out over one he was compelled to "scoot," but now he can stand up practically the whole afternoon, leaving the "scooting" business until the last event; and then with the gains over two races.

Jockeys' Retainers.
We see so many continual changes in jockeys' retainers, invariably brought about by the fact that in these matters the man who pays the piper certainly does not call the tune. The professional horsemen are complete masters of the situation, and, whatever the result of their mistakes, poor jockeyship, or frequent disobedience of orders, there is no redress—even the fee, or retainer, is not refunded. Two noticeable instances occurred last week. In one, at Kempton, the jockey was strongly ordered "not to go in front under any circumstances until within one hundred yards of the post," for the old horse never will gallop in front. To the trainer's dismay, the horse was jumped off, and led the whole way until, not unnaturally, caught close home. The jockey's "excuse" in this case was that "he couldn't hold the horse"—whom any kid could restrain with the proverbial piece of cotton. In another instance the owner and his friends had betted *very* heavily EACH WAY on an outside chance. The horse was deliberately eased in the last fifty yards, although the lightweight had it dinned into him that he had to go right out for a place. In consequence, he was "shot" for third berth when pulling up—and the only aggravating consolation which the annoyed owner of the horse and the lost "100 for a place" had was the jockey's assurance "that he thought he *was* third." What can you do?

The Sportsman (July 8th, 1907) says:—
"Mr. E. W. Betts, Turf Accountant, 41, Charing Cross Road, is at the service of gentlemen wishing to do business through him. He has been established twelve years, and we do not know that there is any better guarantee of satisfactory treatment than the time test affords." All accounts, large and small, receive careful personal supervision. Write at once for full particulars and terms of business. Telephone No.: 9137, Gerrard.

"John Bull" recognises its Sporting Readers.

For many weeks there has been an advertisement on this page—and I have often alluded to the photos of Mintagon, Trigg up, Polymelus, ridden by Maher, and the writer. All are on one sheet, and each is autographed, whilst the horses and jockeys are done in colour, and are absolutely *lifelike* portraits of man and horse. The owner, trainers and jockeys have all in unison praised them as splendid pictures and true photographs. JOHN BULL had 10,000 done to celebrate the popular "double" of Mintagon's Cesarewitch and Polymelus's Cambridgeshire of last back-end. Such event in this rapidly moving world is now "a thing of the past," but there can be no denying what excellent momentoes these make, for its equal as an equine portrait has NEVER yet been produced. Some 1,500 of these pictures—which will years hence have great sporting value—are left over, and it has never been an ingredient of JOHN BULL's nature to play "dog in the manger." Therefore, one each will be given GRATUITOUSLY to its readers (who undertake to keep and display it) who are the owners or managers of licensed houses, tobacconist shops, billiard-rooms, or hairdressing saloons—such places where sportsmen do congregate and "talk racing." Each application must be upon the *printed* notepaper of the house or business, and enclose a penny stamp for postage. In giving away these pictures, which for 10,000 cost us 4¾d. each, we can hardly also be expected to throw in the postal tube (½d.) and postage. It will be a case of first come first served as far as the remainder of the pictures go, but, in good faith, the conditions MUST be complied with by our readers. ANYONE not a regular JOHN BULL reader, and not possessing an establishment wherein he pledges himself to hang up (and, if he things the picture worth it, to frame) the photo, is not eligible to ask for the gift. Few saloons, bars, etc., but are decorated nowadays with sporting pictures; and if publicans fear so to do because of the eagle eye of the law, imagining that it might mean there is betting carried on there, then they are welcome to the photo for their own private room.

Prophetic.

We must have very much the same bets again this week as last, for

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

is, even on the Windsor form, obviously "good" for the Vyner Handicap at Hurst Park. Then on the Saturday MENU—a rare stayer—must win the Walton Handicap (Zemski Sobor might score if she is absent). EASTERN will about take the Lennox Plate, and (assuming that Sour Grapes has scored in the interim at Wolverhampton)

COCKTAIL

can be gambled on in the Maiden Plate. Still further forward—if she is backed on the day—

BIBIANI

can beat this lot in the Ebor Handicap.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

TRACE AND PERCY,

15, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.

NEW BOOK of RULES, containing the Fairest and most Comprehensive Terms of any reliable firm, now ready, and will be sent post free on application.

SYSTEMS and every description of TURF BUSINESS undertaken.

LARRY LYNX, in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to Straightforwardness and Accuracy.

JAMES WEBSTER,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

THE TURF CHRONICLE, containing latest market movements on all important races, sent free on receipt of address.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.

Bankers:— England—London and Westminster Bank, London. Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.

Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

We quote FACTS, NOT PROVERBS.

We are Members of Tattersall's, the Principal Sporting Clubs, and we were Established in 1848. If you do business with us, you will be able to trade on *Fair and Liberal Terms*, and in addition you will have the satisfaction of doing business with a *Reliable Firm—not* one of the "mushroom" brigade who are only "squarish" up to a certain point.

ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK & CO., FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

BE IN THE SWIM

and enjoy the benefits of my terms. No *RELIABLE* turf accountant can offer better. I offer you *real financial stability and FAIR TERMS.*

Write for my booklet (post free).

THOMAS HENRY DEY, MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

A. HEATHORN

(Member of Tattersall's)

51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

AND FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Business by correspondence only.

Terms for 1907 on receipt of address.

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Best Terms. Particulars Free.

Established 1878.

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Telegraphic Address is

"PLASTERING, LONDON."

ALLDEN BROTHERS.

USUAL position in TATTERSALL'S and SMALL RING at HURST PARK.

All Business conducted on the Course ONLY.

No Representatives and NO transactions by wire, 'phone, or letter.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,

Turf Commission Agents,

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR ACCUMULATORS AT STARTING PRICE.

ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—

TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

MERIT SELLS MY HAIR GROWER.

I HAVE THOUSANDS OF GOOD FRIENDS throughout the world. They have never seen me, and I have never seen them; but their gratitude for recovery of their hair has taken practical shape in the recommendation of one "friend to another."

IN THIS MANNER, and not by costly extravagant advertising, my well-known Hair Grower has obtained a truly large sale. It does not profess, like so many widely advertised preparations, to be an infallible specific; yet, faithfully used according to directions, it will in many cases of long-standing Baldness, Hair Falling Out, Bald Patches, and Lack of Hair, bring back the hair in plentiful quantity, where hair recovery would seem to be hopeless.

THIS FAMOUS FORMULA has been endorsed by many noted analytical experts in England, France, Germany, and America. Letters that are continually received show that in a few days after the first application new hair begins to grow, and continues until a healthy, strong permanent growth is manifest.

MINE SUCCEEDS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL.

I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE this statement merely because I state it, but invite your perusal of the following letters, promiscuously selected from the hundreds of similar recommendatory letters which are constantly reaching me from all parts of the world, testifying to the remarkable benefits which have resulted from the use of my TRUE HAIR GROWER. I have omitted to print the full name and address for obvious reasons, but they ARE ALL GENUINE and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. TO EVERY THINKING PERSON THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY MUST CARRY CONVICTION.

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

HEAD COVERED WITH BALD PATCHES.
Penylan, Nr. Ruabon.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done excellent work. My head was covered with bald patches, and the doctor told me that the hair would never grow again, but with using your true hair grower, no one can see where the patches have been. I am doing my best to recommend it to my friends.
Yours truly, W.J.

HAIR GROWN BEAUTIFULLY.
Broxburn, N.B.

DEAR SIR,—I had a spot on the side of my head which became quite bare. I tried various other hair preparations but with no result. I sent for a trial box of your pomade in a very sceptical mood. This box convinced me there was merit in your formula, and I sent for a larger box. Now I can gratefully tell you the hair has grown beautifully, and I will most gladly reply to any enquirers giving my experience of your True Hair Grower.
Yours very sincerely, R.S.

HAIR NOW THICK AND CURLY.
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

DEAR SIR,—It is but just, I think, to let you know how successful your hair grower has been in my case. After being in India for many years my hair became quite thin and lifeless. I tried all sorts of stuff, but nothing did it any good until I got your preparation. It has made a great change indeed, and my hair is now full and curly, and as thick as ever it was.
Yours faithfully, J.F.P.

CAME OUT IN COMBFULS.
Hertford.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony to the value of your preparation. My wife was suffering for some time from a scurfy head and the hair came out in combfuls. All the remedies tried were of no avail, but seeing your advertisement decided to give your preparation a trial, and the effect has been marvellous. The hair has grown thick and strong with no falling off, and the scurf has completely disappeared.
Yours truly, A.B.

WAS COMPLETELY BALD.
Prince Street, Sydney.

DEAR SIR,—I lost my hair in the year 1878, and although I tried a good many preparations, yours is the only one that produced good results. I have used it for the past three months, and my head is now covered with hair. I have every faith in your wonderful hair grower, as I have proved it is good. Yours faithfully, J.D.

QUITE SATISFIED.
Ecclesahall, Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done my hair more good than anything I have ever tried. I am quite satisfied as to the results of using it, and will gladly recommend to all my friends.
Yours truly, J.D.

DONE WHAT OTHERS FAILED TO DO.
Ellington Road, Ramsgate.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to tell you that your True Hair Grower has made my hair grow splendidly. It is the best, for it has done what other so-called hair restorers have failed to do.
Yours faithfully, E.H.

NOTHING ELSE DID GOOD.
Epsom Road, Guildford.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I have not written before to thank you for your preparation. I had tried everything but nothing did my hair any good until I got your True Hair Grower. I am telling all my friends about your compound, as I am only too pleased to have obtained success at last.
Yours faithfully, M.M.

HAIR FALLING FOR 3½ YEARS.
Lichfield, Staffs.

DEAR SIR,—I hardly know how to express my great thanks for the benefit I have received from your preparation. My hair had been falling out for three and a half years, and I had tried several other preparations but without the slightest sign of success. When first I saw your advertisement I put it down as a fake like the others, but I sent for a trial box and you can imagine my surprise and delight when after the sixth application I saw new hair appearing.—Wishing you every success, Gratefully yours, J.P.P.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.
Yours truly, F. C.

FIRST BOX MADE THE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK

Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.—With best wishes for your business,
Yours truly, J. SIMPKIN.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

6d

LARGE TRIAL BOX

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

Skilled Advice to Callers Free.

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For meaning of this number see page 1.